Methodist Magazine and Review.

MARCH, 1897.

THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK.

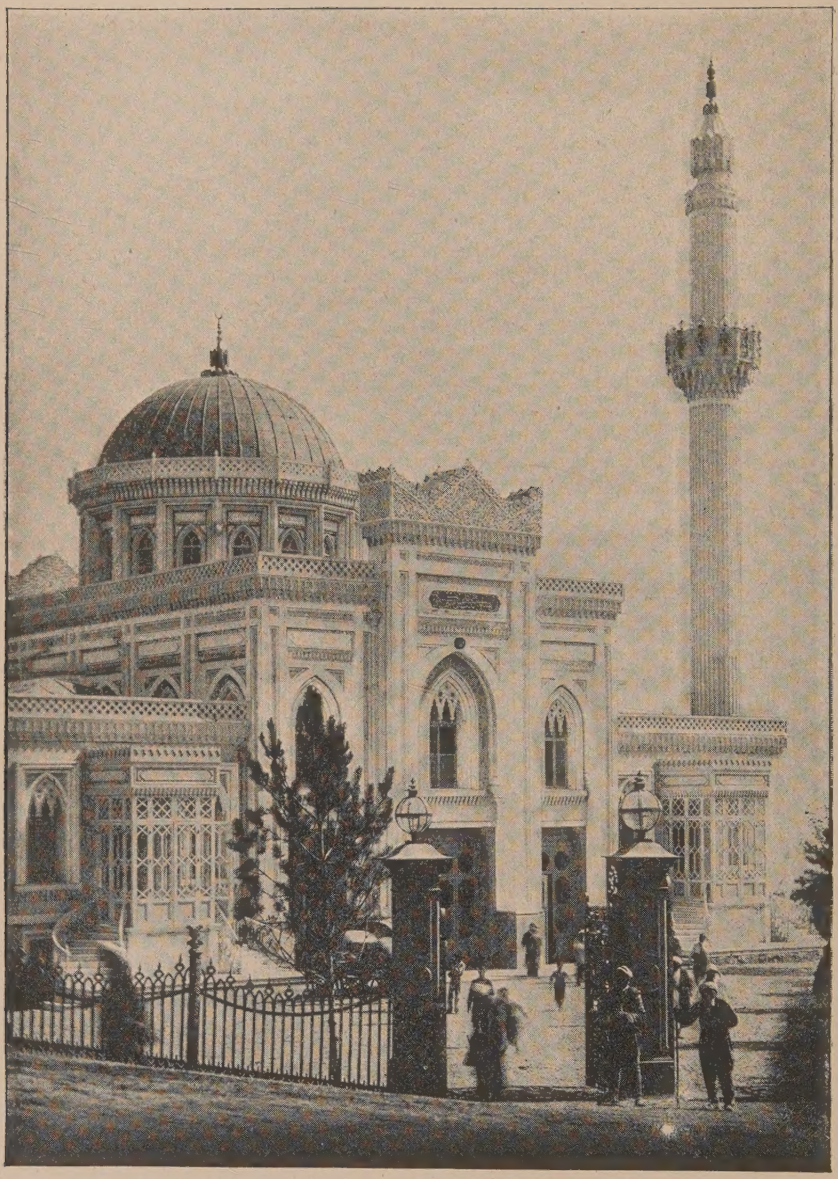
The Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, founder of Robert College, Constantinople, and one of the editors of this book, than whom few men better understand the problem, writes thus of the failure of Islam :

"Islam as a religion dates from the Hegira, A.D. 622. The spread of the faith was slow and disheartening until the Prophet took the sword. From that time forward he went on conquering and to conquer. The Christian faith never spread with such rapidity and power. There were potent reasons for this, which we have only to name. The terrible alternative, 'Islam or Death,' was simple and cogent. The form of acceptance was extremely simple : 'There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God !' The repeating of this simple sentence is the confession of faith, makes the person a Mussulman, and saves him from death. Successive tribes, beaten in battle, eagerly accepted this condition of life. Idolatry must be abandoned; polygamy and slavery remained. No moral change of character was required. A ritual of prayer, ablutions, prohibition of wine, fasting alleviated by feasting —a sensual paradise promised to the believer, and a fearful hell to the unbeliever ! It required only one battle to convert a tribe. When the new faith was once on its feet, led by the brave and impetuous Prophet, its progress was like that of an avalanche.

"For a time the Prophet and his immediate successor were tried by defections from the faith, quite openly and in considerable numbers, among the Jewish and Christian converts. This led to one of the strongest principles or laws of Islam—death to the renegade ! This has never, to this day, failed of execution, wherever Islam has had the power. When the penalty cannot be inflicted openly, it is done secretly by dagger or poison. This has kept the body of believers solid.

"The Prophet found many ready to submit to his authority as governor, without force of arms, if they might retain their faith. The Prophet, in order to secure a great number of valuable tax-payers and commissariat supplies, promulgated the law that all 'peoples of a book'—that is, of a divine revelation—as Jews and Christians, should be received on submission and the paying of a tax of subjection. To all others —idolaters and men in arms— death or slavery. This remarkable faith, half good, half bad, pursued its conquering way over all the ancient countries of the Christian faith. The Cross everywhere went down before the Crescent. Christianity had become corrupt, and governments

* "Turkey and the Armenian Atrocities." By the Rev. Edwin M. Bliss, assisted by the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., with an introduction by Miss Frances E. Willard. Profusely illustrated. Philadelphia : Hubbard Publishing Co. Toronto : William Briggs. Pp. 574. Price, Cloth, $1.50. From this book, by the courtesy of the publishers, the illustrations which accompany this article are taken.



THE HAMIDIEH MOSQUE,

Located close by the Sultan's palace, at Yildiz, to which he goes every Friday for service. In former times it was the custom of the Sultan to attend service on Friday in different mosques of the city, but Abdul Hamid II. has confined his attention to this mosque, chiefly from fear of assassination in the public streets of the city.

still more corrupt and incompetent to anything good. Islam took possession of Palestine, Syria, Egypt, and Northern Africa. It conquered Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, and finally all the domains of the Greek emperor centring at Constantinople.

"For a time it seemed to make skilful use of its suddenly acquired treasures. It bestowed great honour upon learned Jews or Christians who accepted the faith. Its most distinguished men in learning, art, and war, by sea and by land, were converts from the Christian faith. They established a wonderful kingdom in Spain. The Black Sea, the Marmora, and the Mediterranean were theirs. Europe trembled before them. The Pope prayed against them, as did Luther and the Protestants.

"Of countries once dominated by Islam, Turkey has long been the glory. Her Sultan is the caliph, the successor of the Prophet; and the Sheikh-ul-Islam is the supreme judge of the faith. Turkey is not even the shadow of what she once was.

"Islam is a failure in wealth. It has had vast possessions, and has wasted them. It once had control of all the channels of commerce. The wealth of India and the commerce of the three seas mentioned above were all her own. She had the climates, the soils, the rivers, the sea coasts, the mines, out of which civilized nations produce boundless wealth. And yet, her greatest empire, Turkey, is too poor to pay its soldiers, and it cannot raise a loan of ten thousand pounds in any market in Europe. It cannot pay one per cent. on its public debt. No wealthy commercial Mohammedan state exists. Moslems have kept in their hands the slave trade of Africa, but that is doomed. Christian nations have taken commerce out of the hands of Moslems, and they will probably keep it. Turkey, with all her natural resources, has become a spectacle of poverty. There is an inland trade that keeps alive some millions in a poor, miserable way. The states of Northern Africa have fallen under French influence. Egypt, first bankrupt, has fallen to England. Afghanistan may have a strategic value to England and Russia; aside from their ambitions, she is of little value to the world. What a conspicuous failure has Islam made with the wealth of the world! Once she was the richest of all the existing faiths; now the poorest, without a ray of hope for the future! She now lives by gnawing at her own vitals.

"What has Islam done with the arts, the so-called fine arts—music, painting, poetry, architecture, sculpture? Nothing, and less than nothing! She has destroyed the arts which she inherited. She conquered the highest civilization in the world in all these departments. If for a time she cultivated them they all perished in her hands. Christian nations have left her helplessly in the rear. She has no school of any art that adds anything to human knowledge.

"In legal science nothing has been accomplished since the reign of Solyman the Magnificent. His great code, in which he aimed to surpass Justinian, remains, during these three-and-a-half centuries, without any eminent addition.

"In the mechanic arts subsidiary to war she is also a pre-eminent failure. When Mohammed the Conqueror took Constantinople (1453), his armies were better trained and armed than were those of his European opponents. Now Islam goes to Christian manufacturers for arms with which to defend herself. She still has soldiers of desperate valour, ready

CIRCASSIAN OFFICER IN THE SULTAN'S ARMY.

After the defeat of Schamyl, the famous Circassian leader, multitudes of his people came into Turkey and spread over the whole of Asia Minor. They are powerful, fearless men, and committed wide-spread depredations among the villages. They are bolder than the Kurds and much braver; are all bigoted Moslems.

to fall a sacrifice at any time in her defence. But their arms and ammunition are furnished by the artisans of America and other Christian countries. Her efforts, at great cost, to establish factories on her own soil under foreign teachers, have been notorious failures.

"In agriculture and mining she is wholly contemptible. The rich lands of Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, capable of unrivaled development, produce but a small volume of exports to foreign lands, although the shores of the Eastern Mediterranean, the Sea of Marmora, and the Black Sea, offer an invitation which requires a Turk to decline. On all these glorious lands the industrious peasantry are miserably poor. The Armenian peasantry and traders have shown a marked capacity to rise in education and industry, but they are killed off and their property given over to robbers!

"In government the Saracens exhibited remarkable capacity, but it faded out. The Turks took possession of the Christian lands of Asia and parts of Europe, and the dynasty of Sultans, of which Hamid is the last, has continued unbroken for over 500 years. The governing power of the Turks has departed. It is a despotism intensified by assassination and plunder. Under Solyman the Magnificent there was a constant stream of 'converts' to Islam. Of twelve grand viziers of that period, eight were renegades from Christian races. The two great and victorious admirals, Dragut and Pioli, were also renegades, and so of other departments. Now it is a government from which all sensible men wish to flee. It is chaos. Europe is troubled to know what to do with it.

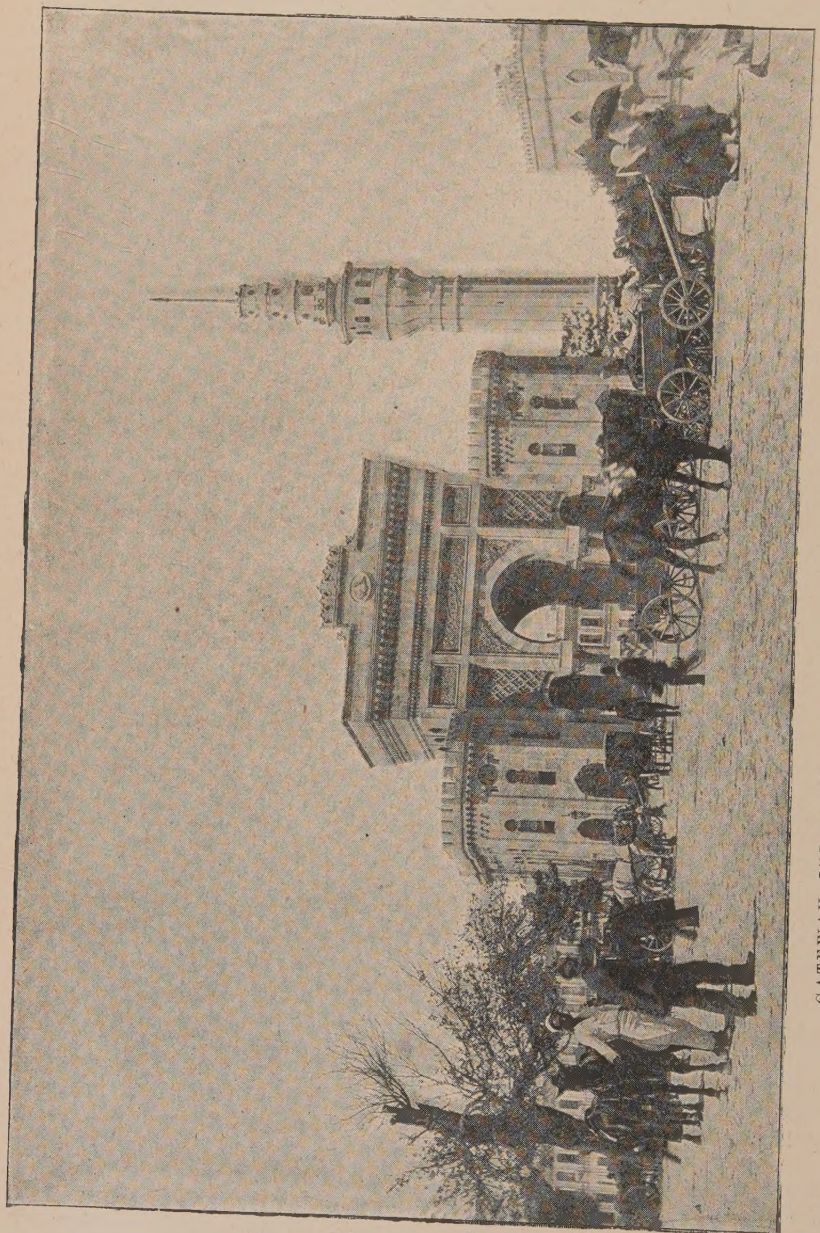
"The missionary zeal and success of Islam are a failure. While it could go forth with the sword its missions were successful. In Africa they have gone with the slave trade, and their conquests have been great. But that trade is doomed. The European nations are taking possession of Africa. The native heathen tribes will no longer be hunted like wild beasts for slaves; and the missionaries will no longer offer them protection on professing Islam and submitting to its rites. The passing of Zanzibar into the power of the English will close that slave mart.

"Islam's pride and glory, the Ottoman empire, now exists only by sufferance of the European powers, whose mutual jealousies defend it."

Dr. Lyman Abbott, pastor of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, N.Y., from that historic pulpit uttered the following stern arraignment of the Turkish Empire:

"The persecution of Christians in Armenia is the worst, the most cruel, the most barbarous religious persecution the world has ever seen. It is estimated that two thousand Christians were slain in the persecutions of Diocletian; that between five and six thousand Protestants were put to death under the persecutions of Torquemada in Spain; that thirty thousand were slain in the massacre of St. Bartholomew; that a hundred thousand Protestants were put to death in the wars of the Duke of Alva against the house of Orange—but that includes those who were slain in open battle. Those who have perished in Turkish Armenia in the last four years nearly, if not quite, equal the sum total of all those slain in previous persecutions. Eight thousand seven hundred and fifty is the number officially reported as massacred in three or four days in Constantinople itself, while some estimates put the total number of massacred men, women, and children at the present time since 1894 at one hundred thousand. And

this is probably an underestimate. I would not, if I could, recite the horrors of these persecutions ; I would not repeat the tale of



GATEWAY INTO THE WAR DEPARTMENT AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

The fire tower on the right. The horses are those used by persons wishing to go about the city, many of the streets being almost impassable for carriages. The waggons are what are called "emigrant waggons," used for cartage by peasants, who have brought them from European Turkey.

blood ; I would not recount the monstrosities, the cruelties, which have accompanied them. I try to keep moderately and reasonably cool while I speak to you on this crime of the centuries. I desire to give light, not heat.

"We ought to know that this persecution is not the result of sporadic acts of mob violence. We ought to know that it is a definite, pronounced, established

policy, patiently, persistently, remorselessly pursued. We ought to know that the causes of it are partly race hatred, partly trade jealousy, partly religious animosity.

"In his birthplace and cradle the Turk is Asiatic. He came to Europe centuries ago with his drawn scimitar. He came a barbarian, a robber, a brigand, and he has stayed in Europe ever since, a robber, a murderer, and a brigand. He is as barbaric to-day in the heart of him as he was in the centuries gone by. Whatever evolution has done for other races, it has not done anything for him. He is a Turk still. The Turkish Empire is composed of heterogeneous populations under the subjection of the scimitar of the Turk. He has never made any attempt whatever to affiliate these populations, to bring them into fellowship with himself, or to do them equal justice : he has simply held them by the throat with one hand, while he has rifled their pockets with the other. The Turkish Empire has used its power simply in taxing men ; and it has taxed them, not that it might give them a good government, but that it might rob them for its own purposes. The idea of the Turk is the idea of the old Roman imperialism—subjugate the province, that you may take as much out of it as possible.

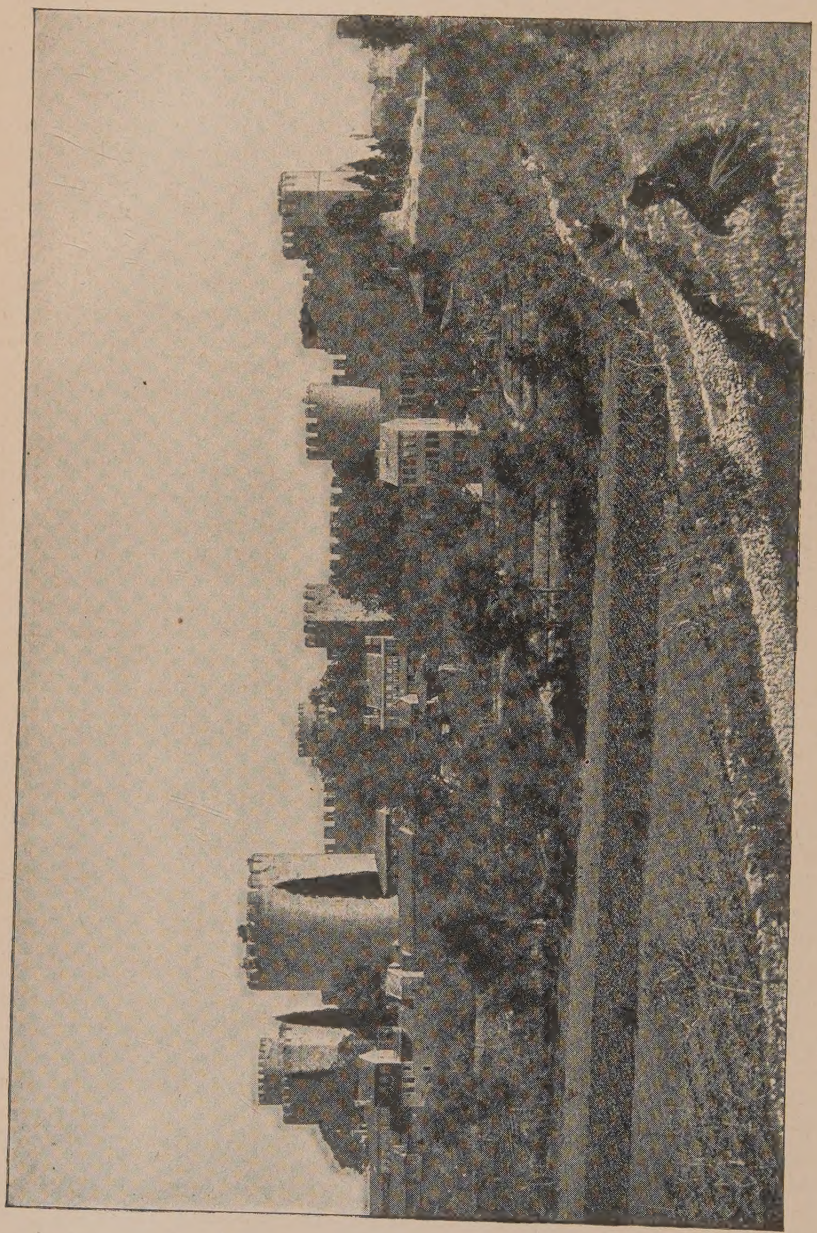
"Now, this Turk has seen in successive years these subject populations improving in spite of him. They have grown wiser, more intelligent, more virtuous, more prosperous. He has seen the Greek and the Nestorian and the Syrian and the Bulgarian, and now the Armenian, enter into places of profit, of industry, of advantage, and his race hatred has been intensified by his trade jealousy. This massacre of the Armenians is not a new thing in Turkish history. 'In 1822 not less than 50,000 Greeks were massacred in the Islands of the Aegean Sea; in 1850, 10,000 Nestorians were butchered around the headwaters of the Tigris ; in 1860, 11,000 Maronites and Syrians perished in Mount Lebanon and Damascus ; in 1876 upwards of 15,000 were slaughtered in Bulgaria.' That is the Turk. That is what he has been doing all the time.

"And this race prejudice, this trade jealousy, have been intensified and embittered by what we are pleased to call his religion. What is religion ? If it is consecration, devotion, enthusiasm, regardless of the One to whom the consecration is made, regardless of the object of devotion, regardless of that which excites the enthusiasm, then the Turk is religious. Then the Phoenicians, who caused their own children to be sacrificed to the cruel gods, were as religious as the Israelites. Then Torquemada, in lighting the torch and presiding over the tortures of the Inquisition, was as religious as the men who burned beneath the flames or were tortured on the rack. Then the Duke of Alva, with his unsheathed sword putting thousands and tens of thousands to death on the plains of Holland, was as religious as William of Orange fighting for patriotism and his native land. Then Catherine de Medici summoning to Te Deums over the slain, was as religious as the massacred martyrs whose bodies filled the streets of the European metropolis.

"Religion is of two kinds—the aggressive and the non-aggressive. And of the aggressive religions there are two—the Christian and the Mohammedan. The one does it by the cross, the other by the sword; the one by love, the other by hate ; the one by assimilation,

the other by subjugation; the one does it for the purposes of service, the other does it for the purposes of selfishness. Now, you may call them both religion if you like, but they are as far apart as heaven is from hell.

"Calvinism was serene and lovely and flowering spring as compared with the theology of Mohammedanism, which is based upon a faith in a remorseless God who cares not whether this half the human race lives in eternal tor-



LAND WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

They extend for about seven miles from the Marmora to the Golden Horn, and are now to a considerable degree in a ruined condition. The gardens in the foreground occupy the ancient moat.

ment and this half in everlasting paradise. The Mohammedan religion knows nothing of the fatherhood of God, and it knows as little of the other fundamental truths of Christianity. 'Stress is laid on prayer, ablution, fasting, almsgiving, and the pilgrimage to Mecca. Wine and gaming are forbidden. There is no recognition, in the Koran, of human brotherhood. It is a prime duty to hate infidels and make war on them. Mohammed made it a duty for Moslems to betray and kill their own brothers when they were infidels; and he was obeyed in more cases than one.'

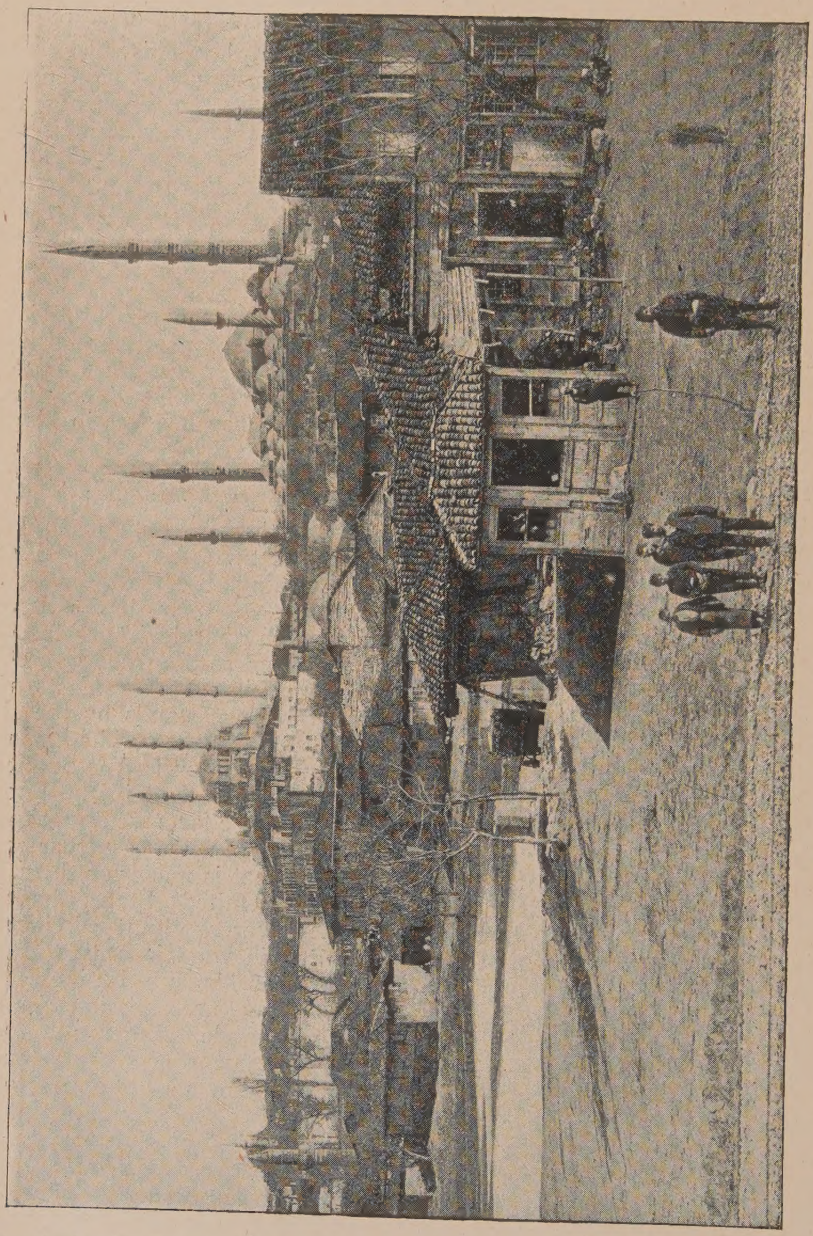
"Thus we have these three elements together in the Turkish heart; first, race prejudice; second, trade jealousy; and, third, religious rancour and hate. The Mohammedan knows only one way by which to extend his religion—this: kill the men, kill the women, kill the older children, and educate the babes into Mohammedans. Mohammedanism has never varied from its first starting-point in Asia. It has always run this one consistent course; a persecuting power because it is an aggressive power, believing in a God of indifference, making a worship of lust and cruelty.

"Now, we ought to know these facts. We have no right to shut our eyes to them. We have no right to be ignorant of them. And, knowing them, we ought to be intolerant of all apologies, excuses, distinctions, or eulogies. I mean exactly what I say—intolerant. I hate the tolerance that knows no difference between virtue and vice, cruelty and humanity, honour and dishonour, courage and cowardice. Consider for a moment the defences offered for the murdering, massacring Turk. The Armenian has provoked it all: it is all his fault. Oh, Aesop, come to life again, and tell us the story of the Lamb and the Wolf! How many Turks have been killed by Armenians? Whose sword is red with blood? The lamb has devoured the wolf. The Turk is a gentleman! This Turk has killed Christians — unoffending Christians—by the thousands and the tens of thousands, but he is a gentleman. Yes, so Mephistopheles is a gentleman. Probably the Duke of Alva was a gentleman. Doubtless Torquemada was a gentleman. Herod was a gentleman.

"But the persecutor is religious. And he has as much enthusiasm for his religion as the Christian has for his religion. The Christian missionary believes in his religion of the Cross, and this Turk believes in his religion of the Crescent. Why sit in judgment between them? Fanaticism harnesses its two steeds of lust and cruelty, flings the reins of self-restraint upon their backs, lashes them with the devil's own conscience, and as the wheels go over the crunching bodies of its victims, tolerance stands by the side of the course, takes off its hat, and honours—religion! We ought to know the facts, and in the knowledge of those facts we ought to be intolerant of every excuse and apology that is made for them.

"The United States has in Turkey over two hundred citizens, engaged in what is ordinarily regarded as lawful business. I know they are missionaries; I know they are teachers; I know they have not gone there to make money. They are not consecrated to the work of getting on in the world. That much may be said against them. But still Americans generally will recognize the fact that a man who has gone to another country, inspired by a desire to aid the men, women, and children there, is entitled to as much protection as the man who

goes there to sell them scimitars or rum. I am not going to enter into the question to-day whether the missionary service is right and wise, or wrong and unwise. It is an honest and an honourable vocation, and we have gone into it. We have 621 schools, including five colleges. We have 27,400 pupils in those schools. We are spending half a million dollars a year in the work of civilization. The men engaged in this work are entitled to have this country say



VIEW OF ADRIANOPLE, IN EUROPEAN TURKEY.

one of two things—either, We cannot protect you, you are at your own risk; or else, God helping us, we will spend our last dollar and our last man, but we will protect you. And that is what I would like to have the United States say. We are strong enough to threaten war when there is a possible danger to a few American interests in a South American Republic. But we let our property be burned, our schools and colleges be closed, our men and women live in terror of their lives, and have as yet done nothing more than present a gentle protest.

"I believe myself that if this American Government were to say to Turkey, You shall not threaten the peace, the prosperity, the lives, the well-being of American citizens on your soil—you shall not—I believe if America were to say that to the murdering, massacring Turk, the conscience of Europe would respond. It is not true that Germany or France or England or Austria would set itself up in armed defence of murder, when the United States Government, having no territory to acquire, no prestige to win, no advantage to gain, no balance of power in Europe to break, had interposed and said, 'This crime shall go on no more.'

"Last spring Congress passed resolutions of protest against the Turkish atrocities in Armenia. They were sent to the President of the United States. He was to communicate them to the Powers — the Christian Powers — of Europe. If he has, he has not let his right hand know what his left hand has done. Those resolutions should have been so uttered to the Christian powers of Europe that the sound of our voice would have gone round the world. We ought not to have spoken our condemnation of wholesale massacre in a whisper—we should have spoken it with thunder tones. At least we may speak to the consciences of mankind. It is time we did.

"Finally, we can afford relief and succour to those who have suffered from this wholesale persecution. We can open our gates to all fugitive Armenians. We should so alter our immigration laws as to provide clearly, definitely, and positively that this land is the harbour for the politically oppressed of all countries, however empty their purses, and we ought to reach out a helping hand to the widows and the orphans on Turkish soil.

"The American Board has indicated the presence of a statesman as its practical administrative head in its ready adaptation of its methods to the changed conditions. I received a letter from its Foreign Secretary, Dr. James L. Barton, saying that it is proposed to take the dismantled and unoccupied houses of the Armenians and gather in them, so far as it can be done, the orphans whom the Turkish scimitar has spared, under the care of Armenian widows, and thus save the girls from the harem and the boys from beggary, and both, by Christian education, to the faith of their fathers.

"I am proud of the Christian ministry. I thank God to-day that in all this time of terrible torture and horrible experience not one single man or woman in the missionary service in Turkey has fled. The American minister there had advised them to leave their posts; but one and all they have said, We will stay with those who are themselves martyrs for our faith; we will live with them; if need be, we will die with them. The Christian Church can at least do this: It can say to every brave Christian woman in Turkey, You are right; stay where you are; our prayers shall go with you; our contributions shall go with you;

our help to the enlargement of your work shall go with you."

"The Sultan told the Russian Ambassador—told Europe, that is to say—that he might be the last of the caliphs, but he would never be a khedive. It is to be hoped that he will be the last of the caliphs, and if it shall prove to be so, the extinction of the caliphate will be by suicide. For it is a very gratifying reflection that the effective European concert, which political intrigue and management had

THE CITY OF TREBIZOND, ON THE NORTHERN COAST OF ASIA MINOR.

In the background is the Black Sea, and in the foreground the only harbour that there is. This is open to the north-east, so that there is really very little protection. Trebizond was one of the first cities to suffer from massacre in the fall of 1895.

failed to bring about, has been created under the stress laid upon the governments by the moral indignation of Europe."

The numerous engravings in this number are pretty fully explained by their sub-titles. While much of the city of the Sultan is modern, and comparatively uninteresting, yet its magnificent situation and pictorial beauty give it a never-failing attraction, and the historic memories of its mosque of St. Sophia, and its ancient walls, vividly recall its vanished past.

The most interesting and well-preserved relics of ancient Byzantium are its ramparts, walls and gates. The whole city was formerly inclosed by massive walls, once formidable in their strength. The entire circuit is about thirteen miles. On the waterside they are extremely ruinous, but on the land side the solid triple walls, with their grass-grown moat and ramparts, still rise in melancholy majesty. They were founded by Constantine the Great, rebuilt in great part by Theodosius and his successors, and are composed chiefly of brick with courses and facings of stone. Time, sieges, and earthquake have done their worst. They are studded with castellated mediaeval towers of all shapes, poly-angular, square and circular, often rent from top to bottom, or altogether fallen into the moat. The breaches made by catapult and battering-rams, and in later times by cannon, are still visible.

We stand by the city of Constantine, amidst the ruins of the fifth century, and beside the crumbling palace of the founder of Byzantium, with its picturesque and broken arches, dowered with a melancholy beauty even in their decay. Both walls and towers are overgrown with trees and shrubs, and bound together with clinging parasitic plants which mantle with a veil of beauty their grim desolation. As recently as 1869, the late Sultan, Abdul Aziz, was about to sell these venerable relics of the past for the paltry sum to be obtained by their demolition for building material. This act of vandalism was actually commenced when the British Minister interfered and prevented their destruction.

Without the walls are thousands upon thousands of Moslem graves, overshadowed by the sombre and melancholy cypresses. In the distance lie the blue Bythinian Mountains, and the whole scene recalls vividly the many sieges and sorties of which this historic spot has been the scene. The walls are pierced by over thirty gates, ruinous, and of scant architectural pretensions. The most impressive is that known as "Seven Towers."

The Seven Towers were used by the Janissaries in the height of their power as a prison for the Sultans whom they dethroned. Seven Sultans lost their lives in this place, as well as many other illustrious prisoners. A small open court, where heads were piled high as the wall, was called the "Place of Heads." A deep hole in the ground near by bears the significant name of "The Well of Blood." There was also a wall built by human bones raised as high as the wall of the fortress. These grim fortifications bring vividly before our minds the final conflict between the Crescent and the Cross for the possession of Byzantium.

No noise in heaven:
No jarring sounds of toil;
No tuneless keys,
No broken strings,
No harsh, discordant voices;
No turmoil
Of dashing waves or tempest-beaten shore.
No rush of raging wind,
No thunder's roar,
And nevermore
The cry of terror or the moan of pain.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE UNION JACK.

THE GREAT BRITAIN OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

TATTOOED NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.

In pursuance of our plan to follow the red flag of St. George around the world, we have treated in these pages Britain's Keys of Empire at Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Aden, our Indian Empire, and the Island Empire of Australia. We proceed now to describe briefly the magnificent antipodean colonies of New Zealand and Tasmania.

New Zealand, the Great Britain of the Southern Seas, says Mr. Davenport Adams, consists of a group of islands lying some 1,500 miles to the south-east of Australia: the two principal are North Island and South Island, each of which is larger than Great Britain, and Stewart, Chatham, and Auckland Islands. The total area is about 122,623 square miles, and the population about 750,000, of which about 700,000 are Europeans.

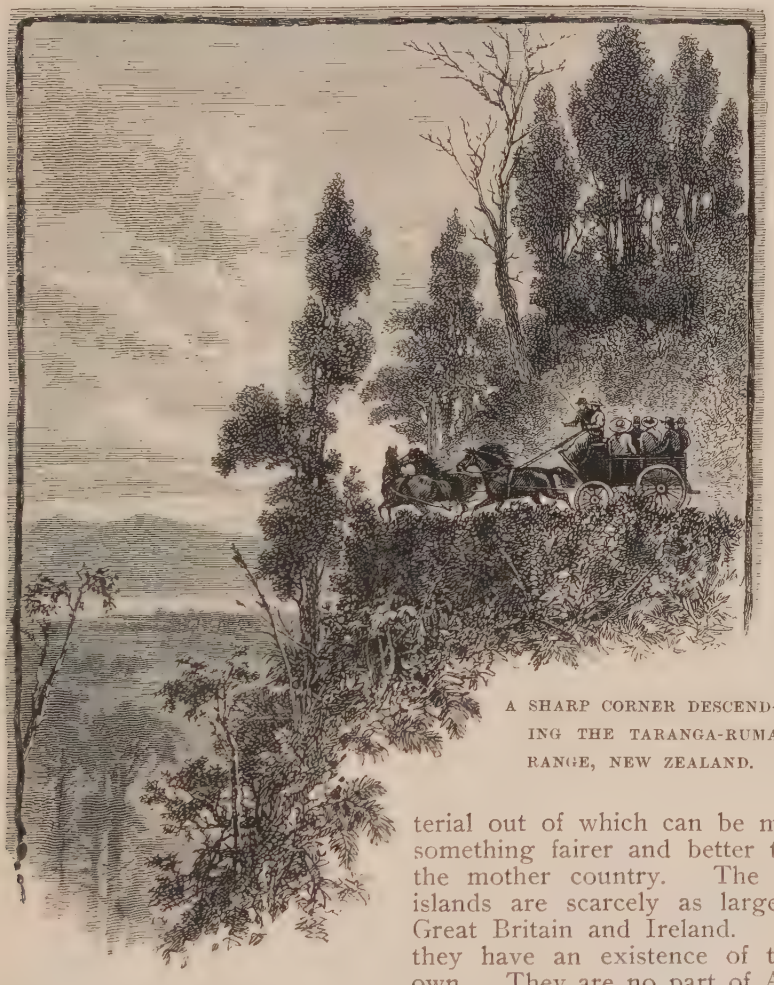
It was in 1860 that the native Maori chiefs signed the treaty whereby New Zealand became a British possession and a Crown colony, with Auckland as the capital. Since that date its progress has been phenomenal. Nor has it been interrupted by the numerous Maori wars which prevailed between 1855 and 1869; the ineffectual struggles of a brave and high-spirited race against the forms of civilization—against the irresistible impact of the white race. The Maoris, however, since 1869, have recognized the inevitable; and are now peaceful subjects of the Colonial Government.

New Zealand, says Mr. Froude, is composed of two long islands lying north and south, with a narrow strait between them, and a further small island, of no consequence, at the south extremity. The extreme length of the three is 1,100 miles, with an average breadth of 140. The climate ranges from that of Naples to that of Scotland. There is abundant rainfall; there are great rivers, mountains, volcanoes, a soil luxuriantly rich, a splendid clothing of magnificent forest. So far as the natural features of a country tend to produce a fine race of men, New Zealand has the advantage of Australia. Australia, too, has hills and rivers, woods and fertile lands, but unless in the heated plains of the interior, which are sublime in their desolation, it has nothing to touch the imagination, nothing to develop varieties of character. In New Zealand there are mountain ranges grander than the giant bergs of Norway; there are glaciers and waterfalls for the hardy hillmen; there are sheep-walks for the future Meliboeus or Shepherd of Salisbury Plain; there

are the rich farm-lands for the peasant yeomen; and the coasts, with their inlets and infinite varieties, are a nursery for seamen, who will carry forward the traditions of the old land. The dullest intellect quickens into awe and reverence amidst volcanoes and boiling springs, and the mighty forces of Nature, which seem as if any day they might break their chains. Even the Maoris, a mere colony of Polynesian savages, grew to a stature of mind and body in New Zealand which no branch of that race has approached elsewhere.

Our accomplished fellow-countryman, the Rev. Principal Grant, thus describes his visit to this remote dependency of Great Britain :

New Zealand has the raw material out of which can be made something fairer and better than the mother country. The two islands are scarcely as large as Great Britain and Ireland. But they have an existence of their own. They are no part of Australia, geographically or geologically, in their fauna or flora. They have no immediate intention of becoming one politically with their big neighbour, but hope to occupy as important a relation to it as Britain did and does to



A SHARP CORNER DESCENDING THE TARANGA-RUMA RANGE, NEW ZEALAND.

Europe, and they are satisfied that their connection with the Empire gives them the necessary conditions for free development.

It was the variety of New Zealand that struck me most. So far as scenery is concerned, we get an approach to it only by combining Switzerland, Southern France, Norway, and the Yellowstone Park—I might throw in the Tyrol and North Italy—into one not very big country.

faces of cliffs with spray like bridal veils. From the Bluff you run up by rail to Invercargill, a singularly clean, pretty town, as Scotch as it can be, with all its streets named after Scottish rivers, and from there find your way to the lake and mountain region. The water has all the charm of colouring reflected from surrounding heights that characterizes Como, Lugano, and Maggiore, and the mountains are as interesting as those of the Tyrol.

At Lyttelton (the port of Christchurch), where we get on

VOLCANIC SOLFATARA, NEW ZEALAND.

Beyond the long wash of Australasian seas and noisy breakers on an iron shore, you pass into still and serene channels two or three hundred fathoms deep, precipitous mountains a mile high rising sheer from the water's edge, clothed with richest forest, tier above tier, to the line of snow or glacier. At every turn new beauties are revealed; water-falls, embowered in trees, leaping out from the sides of mountains, or concealing the

board the steamer for Wellington, great graceful-looking ocean steamers, equal to Atlantic liners, show how important the trade of New Zealand is. Each of them carries as one item of its cargo 30,000 carcasses of frozen sheep to feed hungry London. It is a far cry of four hundred miles from it to Auckland. If we go by the railway that skirts the north-westerly coast as far as the Manawatu River, we there take

coach and drive through a gorge, that cleaves the mountains down to the roots, right into the interior of the island. This Manawatu gorge, terrible or magnificent, according to the weather, is the pass of Killiecrankie on a large scale. If we go by the Masterton line over the Rimutacca Range, grades are encountered worse than on the Canadian Pacific Railway down the Kicking-horse and over the Selkirks. All the way to Auckland we get what is generally considered the characteristic scenery

PINK TERRACES, NEW ZEALAND.—NOW DESTROYED.

of New Zealand : open and park-like plains alternating with the richest forest, active volcanoes, striking water-falls, hot springs, baths blessed with healing virtue, fumaroles, geysers, sinter terraces that recall the glory of Rotomahana, so recently destroyed (1886) —in a word, two hundred miles of wonderland, whose varied beauty it is impossible to overrate, and parts of which have been described by hundreds of tourists.

The resources of the colony are as varied as its scenery, and partly for the same reason. It extends for twelve hundred miles from the cold south bordering on antarctic seas to the warm north, and thus has every kind of pleasant climate, through all the ranges of temperate and sub-tropical. When the native of another country sees its unequalled capabilities for tillage and pasturage, his instinctive patriotism makes him almost thankful that it is not any bigger, like the French marshal, whose comment on the British infantry, "the best in the world, sire, but luckily few in number," is so often repeated in England.

If New Zealand were as large as Australia, it would supply the English market, and Canada and the United States could hardly be expected to be grateful. Its average yield of wheat is twenty-six bushels to the acre. It is better adapted for raising the best kinds of wool and mutton than even New South Wales, which truthfully boasts of having more sheep per capita than any other country under the sun : but then its runs and paddocks are not so vast, or

so capable of indefinite expension. The amount of business done by its handful of people—less than two-thirds of a million—is astonishing. For the last few years the exports averaged sixty dollars per head, and for the year ending June 30, 1889, they had increased about eight millions over the previous year. The imports are nearly as large. No wonder that its ports are crowded with shipping. Kauri gum, an amber-like fossil resin, is used as a base, instead of gum-mastic, for fine varnishes. Kauri-gum-digging is one of the industries peculiar to New Zealand. In former ages vast forests of the Kauri pine must have been burnt in the north part of the North Island, and the resin melted down into the ground and became deposited in lumps. These lumps vary in size from a thimble to an anchor, and can be dug up by any one able to handle a spade.

The great industry of the land is sheep-grazing, for the sake of the wool, and latterly for the sake of the mutton as well. When Captain Cook visited it in the year 1769 and the years succeeding, the only mammal worth mentioning was a rat that contributed to the food of the natives on feast-days. It has been killed off by our brown rat.

The great sailor, who may be called the discoverer as well as the first colonizer of the country, equally great as a navigator, an observer, and a man, introduced on the island pigs, poultry, and potatoes. These have thriven amazingly. Indeed, every animal and vegetable, almost every bird, insect, and fish, that has been introduced since has thriven, some well and others too well, sheep taking the lead, and rabbits closely following. The value of the wool exported is now about twenty millions annually.

Up to 1881 the sheep-masters did not know what on earth to do with their mutton, but the discovery was then made that it could be sent in a frozen state to Britain. Great was the alarm among the classes, from dukes to butchers, who controlled the British meat market. Strong prejudices were stirred up against frozen meat, and as at first some of the mutton was discoloured, there was ground for prejudice. But the New Zealanders got hold of the scientific truth that intense cold can be produced in a chamber with walls impervious to heat through the simple process of compressing air by steam-power and then letting it into the chamber, where it expands to its natural bulk. They gradually perfected their machinery and plant, established freezing-works near the ports of shipment, and sent the frozen carcasses, nicely encased in clean bags, to the freezing-chamber of the steamer. There they keep hard as marble and perfectly sweet for months, and, for aught I know to the contrary, could be kept for years.

New Zealand now sends a million carcasses annually to the London market. It not only spares easily, and to the actual advantage of the flocks, that number annually from its total of seventeen millions of sheep, but believes that every year the number can be increased. Firms in Britain are establishing houses in all the great cities, where the carcasses can be stored and kept frozen till needed. Competition has brought down the cost of freight from three to two pence, and now, I believe, to one penny, or two cents, a pound. Great is the boon that has been conferred on two communities on opposite sides of the globe—meat-producers and meat-eaters—by practical application of the familiar scientific truth at the basis of the trade. The gains from this one industry would pay for all the phy-

sical laboratories in the Empire, just as Germany makes more from the discovery of aniline dyes than it spends on its universities.

The sheep-masters, or squatters, are the aristocracy of New Zealand. But, notwithstanding the success of the frozen-meat trade, they are not always happy. To hear members of the class in the clubs of Dunedin, Christchurch, or Wellington, discussing their losses and crosses and the best ways of meeting their enemies, convinces us that life, even to the owners of runs in bright New Zealand, is a stern conflict, and that no business is exempt from hazards. There are no all-destroying droughts, as in Australia, but there are snow-storms, imprisoning the flocks far back among the hills. The snow-storm of 1867, followed by pitiless rain, driven by a furious freezing southwester, killed half a million sheep, and the marvel was that any of the flocks overtaken by it survived. Wild pigs descended from Captain Cook's domestic

TATTOOED NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.

animals, great boars cased in hides and gristle that would turn a musket ball, were frozen stiff, while, hard by, thin-skinned creatures, with only a few months' growth of merino wool on their backs, stood the stress of the storm without injury.

It ought to be mentioned here that in some districts even rabbits are turned to good account. They are shot or trapped by the thousands for food. The meat is tinned, and a profitable demand is rising in England for canned rabbit. The skins sell for the lining of coats and for felt hats.

New Zealand has all the elements of a great mining and manufacturing as well as an agricultural and pastoral country. In mines, gold and coal take the first place, and are likely to hold it for some time.

Strange to say, these Fortunate Islands went a-begging from Captain Cook's time down to 1840, and the South Island was within an ace of being picked up by France. Captain Stanley, of the Spitfire, arrived three days before the vessels of the French Company, and had hoisted the Union Jack. The Frenchman laughed good-naturedly, landed his emigrants, and sailed away for New Caledonia. The way in which New Zealand became British in spite of the Colonial Office is an illustration of how the Empire has grown. Edward Gibbon Wakefield and Lord Durham formed a company, and sent out twelve hundred settlers, who founded Wellington. The statesmen had been laboriously seeking to build up a card castle called a Native State ; this step was manifestly of the nature of treason ; but as it could not be undone, it forced the creation of New Zealand into a separate colony. The Maoris and the settlers soon quarrelled, and wars followed from 1843 to 1869. The Maoris form an integral portion of the community, with recognized place and rights. They have representatives in both Houses of Parliament, and any of these, if unable to speak English, is allowed an interpreter, who stands up beside him and translates his speech sentence by sentence. This double-barrelled membership looks odd, but it works well.

Some of the Maoris still keep up the old hideous practice of tattooing, the men puncturing the whole face to increase their importance, and the women their lips, chins, and eyelids to increase their personal attractions.

No one with eyes in his head can fail to see that the New Zealander of to-day is laying the foundations of a mighty state, though he may not be able to believe that one of his descendants is likely to sit on a broken arch of London Bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

Of the religious life and development of New Zealand, the Rev. John J. Lewis, a Wesleyan minister in that country, writes as follows :

The first Christian Sabbath in New Zealand was held on December 25, in the year 1814. Samuel Marsden, of the Anglican Church, but of Methodist training, was the preacher, and he took for his text, " Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy." The first Wesleyan minister was Rev. Samuel Lee, who began his ministry there in the year 1822. For many weary years the mission showed no fruit. Then came the harvest season when whole tribes turned to the Lord. At a missionary meeting held in one of the towns of that country, which was exclusively attended by Maoris, they determined to send two of their number as missionaries to an un-Christianized tribe. With that tribe the ancestors of those missionaries had formerly been at war, and when these two men appeared, one of

them was shot dead, and the other was fatally wounded, but lingered for some hours. He gave his New Testament to a lad that stood near, praying that it might be blessed to him as it had been to the dying man, and he expired praying for his murderers. A religion that can bear such fruit as that has got hold of the human heart, and from our Maori converts we might give you the names and acts of thousands of those who are fit to take the brightest places in the martyrology of the Christian Church.

BITS OF TASMANIAN SCENERY.

Before the Gospel had come to those people attempts had been made to colonize that country, but in vain. The people were so savage and unscrupulous that the land companies had to withdraw their agents. After the missionaries had, however, done their work, colonization became safe and secure, and the thriving towns of to-day, and the well-to-do colonists, owe their well-being to the self-denying labours of our pioneer missionaries.

The debt which New Zealand colonization owes to missionary

effort Great Britain can never repay. The first Governor of New Zealand said, when addressing the legislative council, "Whatever opinions there may be about missionary work, the missionaries have rendered incalculable service to the crown, and but for them there would be no British colony in New Zealand to-day."

In one church in New Zealand there is a Sunday-school containing nearly 1,000 scholars; there are more than 800 Sunday scholars, and about 100 Sunday-school teachers, and in the Sunday-school anniversary one might hear the most difficult music led by a children's choir of 600 voices, with a large orchestra and the organ, and something like 1,500 people would be there as a congregation.

The missionary work of New Zealand Conference includes provision for work in Fiji, Tonga, Samoa, New Guinea, among the Chinese in Victoria and the blacks in Australia. In Fiji, using round figures, out of a population of about 110,000, more than 100,000 are professed Wesleyan Methodists. A little more than fifty years ago in all Fiji there was not one professing Christian, and to-day in all Fiji there is not one professing heathen. Every Lord's day in Fiji one thousand pulpits are supplied by converts from heathenism, and throughout the Southern Seas we have had evidence that the Gospel of Christ is the power of God to salvation even of the most degraded that believe.

New Zealand was the first British colony to grant the electoral franchise to women. The Hon. W. P. Reeves, agent-general for the colony in London, writes thus of the result:

It has proved that women can take part in elections with perfect safety, comfort, and convenience to themselves; that they are not exposed to insult or to attack at the polls, and that it produces no displays of unmanly violence of any kind. The last general election was, if possible, a little quieter, a little more peaceful, and a little duller than our general elections usually are. In addition to that, the working of the franchise there has shown that those apprehensions of domestic discord which loomed so largely on the horizon when the bill was under debate, have not been realized in any way. I should say that the influence of women in politics tends certainly to bring the temperance—the licensing question—to the front, and already, I think, in New Zealand, you can see that they are disposed, some of them at any rate, to exert their influence in the direction of what is commonly known as the suppression of vice.

For the rest, let me assure you that the women of New Zealand are not a spectacled, angular, hysterical, uncomfortable race of persons, who are perpetually demanding extravagant changes in shrill tones of voice. They are, at least, as distinguished for modesty, feminine grace and womanly affection, as women of the English race in any other part of the Empire.

Lying directly south of Australia, and separated from it only by the water-way, one hundred and twenty miles wide, of Bass Strait, lies what was formerly called Van Dieman's Land, but is now named Tasmania, after Tasman, its Dutch discoverer. It is an exceedingly fertile island, well-wooded, picturesque, and gifted with a healthy climate. Its two principal towns are Hobart and Launceston. First settled as a penal colony in 1803, under the Government of New South Wales, it was formed into a separate

colony in 1825. The abolition of the convict system, which flooded it with criminals, took place in 1853; but it was not until 1871 that it received a constitution and responsible government, and was placed on a level with the Australian colonies. The population, occupying a group of fifty-four islands in all, is close upon 160,000.

The Statesman's Year Book adds the significant sentence, "The aborigines of Tasmania are entirely extinct." The white man's vices, his fire-water and his wars, have entirely swept away the native population. Yet under Christian influences, a higher civilization has followed, with a commerce amounting to $15,000,000 a year, and a magnificent development of Christian institution and Anglo-Saxon liberty. Hobart, the capital, is a thriving city of 25,000, and Launceston is a good second with about 18,000.

NEW ZEALAND CHIEF AND WAR CLUBS.

HIS NAME.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

"For that thy Name is near thy wondrous works declare."—Psalm lxxv. 1.

Thy Name is near
At the white soul's birth;
We come not here
By our natal worth;
But each new soul into being brought—
From out the æons of Silence caught—
Is part of Redemption's wonderful song,—
A tremulous touch in a tone of flame,
Thrilling a symphony, tender and strong,
That soundeth, forever, Jehovah's Name.

Thy Name is near
When the sun is high
And crowns the sphere
Of the tented sky;
When shore and sea, in their mystic needs,
Throb with humanity's forceful deeds;
Every action and every word
With grace inherent to praise or to blame,
Assembleth a note, are themselves a chord,
That spelleth their part of the Maker's name.

Thy Name is near
In the silent night,
When stars appear
In the heavenly height,
And calm and pure on His Royal Breast
In life-communion serenely rest.
Oh, the holy night is His very own
And every blessing its virtues claim
The peace and the hush and the strength unknown—
Telleth each heart of the Father's Name.

Thy Name is near
When the fair hills fade,
To charm and cheer
Through the valley's shade.
The garner'd speech in "The Book" writ down,—
The lowly plan which He deigns to crown,
The recompense out of the meaner things,—
The "Ashes" safe-kept 'neath the sea and sod—
The Angel of Death with his covering wings,
These are all replete with the Name of God.

London, Canada.

THE BLIND AND THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS.

BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

HELEN KELLER,

Deaf, Dumb and Blind.

Modern science has had its noblest results in philanthropy, and modern philanthropy has had its mightiest helpmeet in science. Neither can do its best without the other, and both combined is the world's best guarantee of future progress. This is well illustrated by what has been done for the blind, and more by what they have done for themselves, and even still more by what all these results suggest and predict of future advancement.

The history of modern efforts to ameliorate the condition of the blind—like most of our modern philanthropies—dates back about a hundred years. Previous to that time, blindness was pretty generally considered as a calamity scarcely less terrible than death. The blind too often were treated as hopeless unfortunates, or fit subjects for brutal sport. One sample of the latter treatment has come down to us from the last century. "At the annual fair of St. Ovide, in France, an innkeeper had collected ten poor blind persons, attired in a ridiculous manner, and decorated with asses' ears, peacocks' tails, and spectacles without glasses, to perform a burlesque concert." Contrast this with a recent report of the closing exercises of the Perkins Institute and Massachusetts School for the Blind :

"While the audience was gathering, one of the graduating class played for an organ prelude Bach's great Fugue in G minor. Then the regular programme was opened with the overture to Auber's 'Fra Diavolo,' played by the school band, so exceptionally well as to draw forth the heartiest applause. Two maidens then gave an illustration of reading by the touch. A trio of young boys gave an exercise in botany and zoology, standing in front of tables bearing a bean plant in various stages of growth, specimens of seaweed, coral, and portions of the skeleton of an owl. Each one in turn gave a little object-lesson upon the materials at hand, speaking with a clearness and assurance which seeing children so often fail to attain. A duet for alto horns, from Bellini's 'Norma,' was most acceptably played. Towards the close came a quartette, both the words and music of which were composed by one of the graduating class."

One would think that the experience of the blind themselves, and their tentative efforts in devising methods for improving their condition, ought to count for something. But, strange to say, the reverse idea has long been predominant. It is only recently that the blind have been allowed very much liberty in this direction.

The education of the blind really began with the invention of printing in relief by Hauy, and the

Dot or Point System, invented by Braille—both Frenchmen, and both blind. It is true that previous to Hauy's time, many efforts had been made to enable the blind to read. One of the most interesting of these early methods is that of the knotted string of Peru. In this system, various sets of knots stood for the different letters, and by passing the string through the fingers, the blind were able to read the words and sentences thus concatenated. But all such methods have only that interest which attaches to precursors of grand discoveries.

In 1784, M. Valentin Hauy began to emboss the first book ever printed in raised letters, on paper. He chose for this purpose the italic or written form of the Roman letter. From that time almost up to the present, innumerable attempts have been made to improve on Hauy's system. But the use of the Roman letter has been found as insurmountable an obstacle to progress as it has been tenaciously adhered to.

The sighted could scarcely understand why the blind could not feel the form of the Roman letter, when in sufficient relief, as well as their own eye could see it; and so gain the immense advantage of access to literature in the same common form. But the experience of the blind taught them better. The Roman letter, besides other defects, was often very confusing, as for instance, in distinguishing readily between the letters t and l, i and e, v and y. The blind have found by almost universal experience, that no matter how the Roman letter was modified, it could not be made legible enough.

Louis Braille, born near Paris in 1809, was destined to solve this great problem. His father was a harness-maker, and when three years old, while he was playing with one of his father's tools, the sharp instrument slipped, and put out one of his eyes. Sympathetic inflammation soon destroyed the other.

At the age of ten, he was sent to "L'Institut des Jeunes Aveugle," founded by Hauy in 1784, in Paris. In 1826, he became a teacher in the institution, and in 1829 appeared his first treatise on his new system.

This system—like most other great inventions—is extremely simple and comprehensive. The signs are purely arbitrary, and consist of six dots, or points, placed in oblong. The combination of these, according to very simple rules, and numbering sixty-three combinations in all, are amply sufficient for all the letters of the English alphabet, and for punctuation and contractions as well. It answers admirably for rapid and accurate reading and writing, and is equally well adapted for musical notation.

It was not until after Braille's death that his system was adopted in the Paris school, but since that time it has become well-nigh universal. There is scarcely a school for the blind in the world in which his system does not form the basis of education.

The adoption on this continent of what is called the "New York Point System," can scarcely be called an exception to this, as that is only a late modification, and, as many think, an improvement on the old Braille system. The inventive American genius has not been slow to adapt the original idea of Braille to many practical uses, never dreamed of in former days. The Hall-Braille writer has been lately invented—a machine of the same use to the blind as the typewriter is to the sighted. A speed of fifty or sixty words per minute is the average rate of writing on this machine, though one hundred words a minute have

often been written by fast operators.

Then there is the Stereotype-maker, which was completed in 1893. This is practically a printing-plant, and is capable of turning out immense quantities of books, at a cost very little greater than that for ordinary ink-printing. Other machines, such as the Kleidograph and Stereograph, have scarcely yet had time to show the splendid facilities they promise.

Schools for the blind have been multiplied vastly. They are now found in every civilized country. The oldest of them all is the one founded by Hauy, in Paris, in 1784, and is still one of the very best in the world. It was the first to recognize the fact that the blind are the persons best able to deal with their own difficulties, and the first to make a success of their education. All the teachers are blind. Its history has been one long series of the triumphs of genius over blindness. In fact only one great advance in the education of the blind has been made outside of France—the American Stereotype-maker just referred to —which is undoubtedly an epoch-making invention.

"The Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind," in London, was founded in 1871, and its reputation is almost as great as the Paris Institution. It, too, has had, from the first, a very distinguished blind Principal, Mr. F. J. Campbell.

Another splendid school is the "Perkins Institute and Massachusetts School for the Blind," of Boston, founded in 1829. It, too, has generally had a blind Principal. "The New York School for the Blind" was established in 1831, and through the extraordinary ability and enterprise of its present Principal, Mr. W. B. Wait, has achieved immense success. Both corporate and State schools for the blind exist all over the United States. We have four in Canada—two in Montreal, one in Halifax, and one in Brantford, Ontario. Both the latter rank high. But it is evidently a mistake to place such institutions under the same departmental supervision as prisons and asylums.

The schools for the blind are neither prisons nor asylums, but educational institutions. The blind themselves object strongly to such a classification, and no doubt this mistake will be remedied, and these schools of the blind will be placed where all schools and colleges should be—under the Department of Education.

Scarcely less important are the Associations for the Blind, and especially those among themselves for self-help. These have not been nearly so numerous, well-developed and wide-spread as their schools and colleges. There are "Home Teaching Societies" in Great Britain. Their object is to visit the aged and infirm blind, cheer and encourage the successful candidates of the special schools, and endeavour to find profitable employment for those who are unable to maintain themselves by the trade they have been taught. They teach those who became blind late in life to read and write, and suggest to them means of supporting themselves. There are more than eighty of these home-teaching societies in the United Kingdom.

Besides these, there are a large number of other charitable organizations working on similar lines, many of which are in connection with the Established Church. Outside of Europe, these societies are, as yet, almost unknown. The only exception to this is our Canadian School for the Blind in Halifax, and those of Sydney, Adelaide, and Brisbane,

Australia. "The British and Foreign Blind Association," established in 1868, is the greatest, and indeed the only, very large association of the kind in the world. It was originated by a number of blind gentlemen in England, who, being struck with the great superiority in the condition of the blind in France, as compared with that of their own countrymen, determined to investigate the cause. Their first task was to discover the best form of tangible print. After two years they unanimously declared this to be the Braille system. They then founded the "Royal Normal College." Since that they have become the largest printing house for the blind in the world.

The only important association for the blind on this continent is the "American Association of Instructors of the Blind." It is continental in its extensions, and chiefly educational in its aims. It speaks well for our Ontario Institution, and its Principal, Dr. A. H. Dymond, that at the thirteenth biennial meeting of this association, held at Chautauqua, in 1894, Dr. Dymond was President. Several successful efforts have been made recently in Toronto to introduce the latest and best features of the "Association" system for the benefit of the blind throughout Ontario.

A most interesting and important result of educational work among the blind is the attention which is being directed to the thorough study of the psychology of the blind. It has been seen that in this alone can be found the solution of many of the most difficult problems in the upward path of the blind to the highest culture, and to self-support especially.

Mr. Robinson, in his recent book, "The True Sphere of the Blind," * has treated this subject very fully. He has shown conclusively that most of the trades taught the blind have proved comparative failures, at least so far as enabling them to make a living by them. Carpet-weaving, chair-caning, mattress-making, the making of baskets, brushes, and especially of brooms, upholstering, book-binding, as well as other handicrafts, have all been abundantly tried, but with rather indifferent success, as a whole. The reason for this is not so much the inability of the blind to learn these trades, as the difficulty of competing with sighted workmen, so as to make them pay. The only marked exception to this is piano-tuning, which has proved to be a good and remunerative occupation for the blind.

But a more important reason for this failure seems to be the fact that it is not in the line of handicrafts at all that the blind find their best field for the use of their powers, but in the region of intellectual work. It would seem that the loss of sight in some important respects only intensifies the mental vision, and assists in its more rapid and vigorous development. In the learned professions —in science, literature, and art, and especially in music—in the larger operations of trade and commerce, and, in fact, almost anywhere, in the broad domain where intellect is the prime factor needed, such appears to be the most promising sphere for at least a large proportion of the blind.

The list of clever and distinguished blind men and women is already large and grows con-

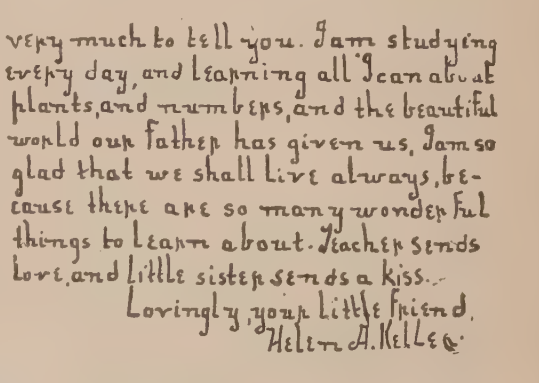
* "The True Sphere of the Blind." By E. B. F. Robinson, B.A., Philosophy Prizeman of Trinity University in 1893. Toronto: William Briggs. The writer of the present article is indebted to this excellent work for his chief facts. Mr. Robinson is himself blind.

tinually. To the names of Hauy and Braille may be added those of Dr. Armitage and Montal, W. B. Wait and H. L. Hall, and F. C. Campbell, Samuel Bacon, of Ohio, and W. H. Churchman, of Indiana, and a host of others, as talented instructors of the blind. As a scholar and statesman, Prof. Fawcett, of the British House of Commons, stood in the front rank. As a mathematician, Nicolas Saunderson was one of the most eminent professors of Cambridge University in his day, or since.

It was in the gloom of blindness that Milton's gorgeous fancy conceived the immortal epic, the "Paradise Lost." Francis Huber achieved a distinction in natural science, of which any scientist of to-day might well be proud. Lieutenant James Holman was one of the greatest travellers of his time. Augustin Thierry, W. H. Prescott, and Francis Parkman—three great historians—all three were blind. Who can forget the eloquence of the blind Chaplain of the United States Senate, Milburn, and who in Canada will ever cease to remember the majestic and soul-stirring oratory of that grandest of men—George Douglas.

Two names alone triumphantly vindicate the possibility of the blind—and those far worse off than they—rising into the lofty heights of mental maturity—Laura Bridgman and Helen Keller. Even our author, Mr. Robinson, himself, is an excellent proof that a blind man can write a capital book.

But progress in the education of the blind has not reached its climax—it is only well begun. The day for impossibilities seems almost passed. We can do nearly anything nowadays. Even the stubborn difficulty of finding trades for the blind, whereby they can support themselves, may be overcome. Some blind genius may solve that problem too. There are 50,000 of the blind in the United States. Of these not 4,000 in all were in attendance in all the schools in 1890. What about the other 46,000? We have 1,227 in Ontario, and 158 at the school in Brantford. What about that odd 1,000 that are not there? We have in the Dominion 3,368 blind persons, and if the same proportionate numbers are not in any of our schools, then there is something still to be done for the blind of our country.


very much to tell you. I am studying every day, and learning all I can about plants, and numbers, and the beautiful world our Father has given us. I am so glad that we shall live always, because there are so many wonderful things to learn about. Teacher sends love, and little sister sends a kiss.

Lovingly your little friend,
Helen A. Keller.

The religious life of the blind—that is the most important thing of all—and probably the most hopeful, too. It would seem that the blind are specially amenable to religious influences. If they are cut off from visual delights, they are, at the same time, freed from the seductive temptations of the "lusts of the eye." In the lofty and pure region of mutual contemplation the transition is not so great or difficult into a higher still, that of the moral and spiritual. There are few blind infidels. Mr. Robinson says: "I have been told by many that they have never known an habitually discontented blind person." It is God's compensation to the blind "that they which

sit in darkness should see great light, and to them who sit in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up." That blessed Light of life and salvation, Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, has arisen in many a blind man and woman's soul.

Who can tell what thousands of the blind in this century have found Jesus through the reading of the Scriptures! Like the woman in the Gospel, their eager fingers have touched the hem of His garment, and they have been made whole. When the vast bulk of the blind are as happy in the saving knowledge and love of Christ as they will be in high culture and complete self-sustentation, their day of gladness will have come. That, let us hope, will be one of the Christian glories of the coming century.

Paisley, Ont.

APART.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."

I.

No more to see the long grass gently swaying
While summer breezes sing;
Never to watch again the joyous motion
Of blithe birds on the wing.

Only remembrance left of feathery tree-tops
Against a sky of blue;
Dream-pictures, only, of the greensward glowing
With flowers of every hue.

Naught save a memory, now, of rippling waters
With golden sunshine bright,—
Or softly glimmering, with a tenderer radiance,
Touched by the moonbeams white.

II.

But though we roam no more through emerald meadows,
The gleaming river by,
To gaze with gladdened eyes on scenes of beauty
Spread 'neath earth's azure sky,

God hath, for those who now do wait His pleasure,
In stillness and apart,
Made ready fairer scenes than are imagined
By any human heart.

And wondrous landscapes, whose serene expansions
Beam with heaven's beauteous light,
Shall, in accordance with His Word, be given
Unto our raptured sight,

When, as shall surely be, we rise, rejoicing,
Set free by His own hand,
To range, at will, amid the fadeless glories
Of that all-glorious land!

Toronto.

LABRADOR.*

BY WILFRED GRENFELL, M.D.,
Superintendent Royal Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen.

To us Canadians, so near and yet so far, so large a section of our own Dominion, and yet so little known, so little visited, even in this globe-trotting age, and yet so romantic for its wild grandeur, and so many fastnesses never yet trodden by the foot of man. The polar current steals from the unknown north its icy treasures, and these it lends with no niggard hand to the seaboard all the year round. This never-wearing charm of countless icebergs, so majestic in size, so stately in their ever-varying shapes, would, one would think, bring some at least of our legions of artists and photographers to revel in almost virgin fields.

In this same stream float fauna and flora so varied, so exquisite, and so little known, one wonders no aspiring scientist is seeking laurels here. The large and well-stocked rivers, still innocent of the artificial fly, and not yet locked to the general public, might well tempt humbler followers of Isaac Walton to seek these shores in summer time. The deer, the bear, marten, and mountain cat, the plenteous willow grouse and partridge, the endless variety of wild fowl, might well tempt sportsmen to a land where every acre is open to all without restraint. To the botanist and ornithologist are offered almost untouched fields whence knowledge and fame are yet to be snatched by labour.

The ethnologist, too, would find fruitful opportunities. The Eskimo, one of the most interesting of primitive races, have still a firm foothold in the North, chiefly round five stations of Moravian Brethren, whose heroic work I need not dilate on now. The Montaignais Indians roam the interior, a branch of the ancient Algonquin race, who held North America as far as the Rockies. They are the hereditary foes of the Eskimo, settlements of whom they have more than once exterminated. They come out now to trade their valuable furs. There are also families of English, French, German, and Norwegian descent, often mixed with native blood, who form a unique class of trappers and fishermen dwelling along the coast.

The archaeologist perhaps would be best suited of all. Many relics of a recent stone age still exist here. This summer I had brought to me stone saucepans, lamps, knives, arrow heads, etc., taken from old graves. It was the Eskimo custom to bury, or rather entomb, with a dead man, every possession which he might want hereafter. The idea was that the spirit of the implement accompanied the man's spirit. Relics of ancient whaling establishments, possibly early Basque, are found in plenty at one harbour, while even now the trapper there needing a runner for his sleigh, can always hook up a whale's jaw or rib from the mud in the bays. Relics of rovers of

* Local committees of the Royal Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen have been formed in several cities in Canada, through the members of which persons sympathizing with this important mission may communicate for information, or for sending contributions of money or clothing. Representatives of this mission are: Toronto, Miss Greenshields, 94 St. Joseph Street; Montreal, Miss Roddeck, 80 Union Avenue; Halifax, Rev. Geo. Bond, B.A., editor of the *Wesleyan*.—Ed.

the sea are also found, of men who sought shelter on this uncharted coast, with its million islands.

A friend of mine was one day looking from his boat into the deep, narrow channel in front of his house, when he perceived some strange thing in the mud. With help he raised it, and found a long brass "Long Tom" cannon, which now stands on the rocks at that place. Relics of ancient French occupation should also be procurable near the seat of their deserted capital at Bradore.

The mineralogist might well find a visit pay to a land whose rocks are of such ancient formation, and which has been so little prospected. Antimony, copper, gold, tin, asbestos, mica, and cryolite, are all said to exist.

The climate in summer is fine and bracing, though on the sea local fogs render navigation difficult. These fogs are due to the cold polar current, and do not reach over the land. Physicians in Newfoundland frequently recommend their patients a trip to Labrador in summer, with excellent results. The holiday maker, moreover, escapes all the trammels of civilization. He can live as he likes, do what he likes, go where he likes. He leaves behind the daily mails, the telegraph system, the advertiser, the interviewer, the papers and magazines, excursion trains and boats, notice boards, cities, saloons, drains, and indeed all that reminds a tired brain of the "maddening" crowd. Among the spruces and the firs, on the hills, and up the fiords, he is able to enjoy absolute rest, and God's free country and fresh air first hand.

The very islands, rivers and headlands have mostly no names at all, or names given by fishermen and only known to themselves. Any one with a little vessel to themselves, between Hopedale and further north, could have an ideal holiday, a veritable voyage of discovery, perfectly safe from the rough sea outside, because shut in by thousands of islands, many never trodden by the foot of man.

Soon it will be within easy reach of Canadians. A fast mail is to run weekly from Cape Breton to the west coast of Newfoundland. A railway then goes direct to St. John's, and thence, every fortnight in summer, a comfortable coastal boat leaves for Labrador. North of the Straits of Belle Isle this again connects with another, and so coasting along, as thousands of visitors do every year along the coast of Norway, they can reach as far north as Nain, the point I have before referred to, some 400 miles further on. Moreover, the hundreds of fishing schooners moving up and down will always give a passage to any one who does not mind roughing it.

The chief difficulty, perhaps, is the fact that neither hotels nor hotel bills exist on the coast, and one must depend on what he carries with him, or on the boundless hospitality of the scattered residents—the latter universally extends to all they possess.

The inhabitants, known as Liv'eres, who are of white descent, hold all the southern part of Labrador; the Eskimo hold the northern 300 miles; the Cree Indians roam the interior; while a vast horde of fishermen, women and children, about 20,000, come every June, in every available sort and kind of vessel, to catch and cure codfish. They remain on the coast till October or November, when, before the approach of winter, they once more fly to their southern homes. The majority of these are landed at various creeks and coves along the coast, where they build themselves huts and fish-stages, the vessels proceeding further north to bring back

"green fish" that is, uncured fish, which will be dried in Newfoundland.

The fishing is mostly carried on by enormous trap or seine nets. It is very uncertain in its issue. One year a large fortune may be made, another absolute ruin may follow; or the fish may set in "in spots"—and one part of the coast do well, another badly. Originally it was all carried out on a truck system. The fishermen gave all they caught to the merchant, and he in return fitted them out summer and winter. The system was bad from every point of view. It made the fishermen dependent and thriftless; and tended directly to make him dishonest by tempting him to bring part of his catch and declare it was the whole, like Ananias of old—he having, meanwhile, kept a portion to realize for cash. It ended also in the great crash of 1894 in Newfoundland, where nearly every merchant firm went bankrupt.

A better era is slowly beginning to dawn. "Supplies" are not so readily obtainable, and though poverty and suffering are being entailed at present, the cash system is slowly gaining ascendancy. The fishermen are becoming more thrifty and self-reliant, and also take more intelligent interest in their own monetary matters. It is a crown well worth winning, and, therefore, like every other desirable goal, it necessitates a cross.

The fisherman's life is a hard and dangerous one. His ideal diet only attains to flour, hard bread, molasses, tea, pork, and occasional oleomargarine. The result is, however, a tough, easily contented, plucky and resourceful mariner, capable of any amount of work, and able to do with the poorest appliances what many another would not do with the best. The features about the fishing calling loudest for attention are the employment of girls as a regular part of the crews of green fish catchers, and the overcrowding of the freighting vessels.

The people are, like all "who do business in great waters," naturally inclined to be religious. The dogmatic atheism one has met among some sections of the working-classes of our big cities, has neither root nor branch here. The struggle for existence, however, is very severe, the opportunities of religious instruction are very few, and one meets occasionally unchristened children, unmarried parents, while it is no exception for a religious service to be impossible at a funeral. There is a mission of the Methodist Church of Canada at Red Bay, in the Straits of Belle Isle, and another held by an unordained minister, 300 miles further north. At two places are young men appointed "lay readers" of the Church of England. Among the Eskimo further north are five Moravian mission stations, held by those brave, self-sacrificing servants of God among the Eskimo.

The Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, of London, England, has built two mission hospitals on the coast, two hundred miles apart. Both are fitted with a steam launch for work all around in summer. Each is under the charge of a medical missionary doctor and trained matron, or "sister." In winter the northern hospital is closed, the southern only being kept open by the sister, while the doctor travels up and down the coast. The past winter he covered 2,000 miles thus, with his dogs and Komatik. The mission has also a small steamer, the gift of Sir Donald A. Smith, which visits from Cape Whittle to Cape Chidley during the summer months. The average number receiving treatment per annum is 2,000.

The resident missionary has much to undergo, and should be young and strong. He has to travel long distances, and to carry much with him, for often the extreme poverty of the people makes it impossible for them to feed him, much less his dogs. I have known the settler with neither bite nor sup for himself and his children, crave a portion of the stale fish blubber, which his visitor was preparing for his own dogs, while the lean, half starved, (and too frequently whole starved dogs), of the "liveres" make one wish that the reindeer could be domesticated here as they are being now in Alaska. There always is abundance of moss for these valuable animals.

The warm clothing sent out to and distributed from the hospitals, has simply been invaluable. It is impossible to say how many, especially children, have been clothed this season, who would otherwise have faced an arctic winter naked, i.e., could not have stirred out of the house for a minimum of six months.

Other efforts are being made to help the people physically. A most successful little co-operative store has been started at Red Bay, which by almost halving the prices paid for goods, and also by enabling the poor folk to get cash for fish, has almost already transformed that entire community. In other places much work is given out in sawing timber, and thus many have been kept from pauper relief, and yet have had "flour for the winter."

I have been induced to write this brief account to you because I happened to see in your paper a few statements which made me suppose your readers were interested in Labrador, and yet were not acquainted with correct information about the people and country, which all who know them, in spite of their disadvantages, love so much. Might I add, in a little book entitled, "Vikings of To-day," sold entirely for the benefit of the mission work, I have published a full account of Labrador, its people, etc.

I'M KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint and sore:
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of His home.

A weary path I've travelled, 'mid darkness, storm and strife;
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life:
But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er,
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessèd as they stand,
Singing in the sunshine of the sinless land;
Oh, would that I were with them, amid their shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song!

The friends that started with me have entered long ago;
One by one they left me struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumphs sooner won;
How lovingly they'll hail me when my toil is done!

With them the blessed angels that know no grief nor sin,
I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in.
O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure; Thy time and way are best;
But I am wasted, worn, and weary; O Father, bid me rest!

GOLD BOOM IN CARIBOO.

BY THE REV. A. BROWNING.

II.

Nestling in one of the hollows of the Cariboo mountains was a "hotel," known as "The Niggers." The proprietor was a kindly man, with much of the poetry of the negro in his soul.

"If it is clear," said he to me, "when you reach the top of the Bald Mountain, you will see something you will never forget."

The Bald Mountain is eight thousand feet above the sea level, and when I stood on its crest, the atmosphere was transparently clear.

Such a sight I never expect to see again this side of heaven. To my right, hundreds of miles from where I stood, the coast range reared its snowy peaks as sentinels of the sea. On my left, the Cascade range, the backbone of the continent, reared its hydra head, throwing into dark shadows many a deep wooded gorge. All around me was the Cariboo range, and behind me stood the masters of them all. Hundreds of miles of valleys, pierced with rivers, and studded with lovely lakes, filled in the beautiful amphitheatre, and as I stood and gazed, I said, "How long, O Lord, how long, shall this fair land be without inhabitants?"

A cloud not far away began at this moment to pour out its moisture on a plain, the soil of which no foot of man had ever trod. Instinctively I thought of the words of the Lord to Job, "To cause it to rain on the earth where no man is." The mountain height became a sanctuary, and the lofty ranges all around and above me were its walls. It was a glimpse of heaven, and when it faded, I went on to the rugged duty of my earthly life.

At the foot of Bald Mountain was Antler Creek, and on its banks was a large mining camp, known at that time, 1862, as the gamblers' headquarters. I came into the camp on Saturday night for the purpose of preaching the Gospel on the following Sunday. Tired, footsore, and hungry, I found a welcome from an old friend, a Jew, who kept a store in a little shanty. Let me say here a good word for the Jews. I found no kinder friends among the Gentiles than these same Jews. I have a warm side for their nation, and somehow or other feel that the blood of the kind-hearted Nazarene flows in them all. I had a shakedown on the floor, and on Sunday morning went out to prospect the town. The stores were all open, the gambling tables were in full blast, and the streets were full of miners, who had come in to buy their week's "grub." I was alone in that modern Babel, and had the Lord only for my friend and helper.

I borrowed a chair from a saloon-keeper, and opened my commission in the middle of the main street. I led my own singing, and prayed with the trading, gambling, swearing, surging crowd all around me. After prayer, I announced my text, and began to preach. I had in a smaller measure just such liberty as Peter had at Pentecost. The saloons were emptied, and their frequenters came out and listened. The gamblers ceased gambling, and stood, some of them with their cards in their hands, wondering at the unusual excitement.

In a little while the street became blocked, so that it was with difficulty a man could pass through. And hereby hangs a tale. I had heard a bell ringing during a greater part of my preaching, and wondered what it all meant. At the end of the street the Bishop of British Columbia had his temporary church, and the bell was to call people to his service. The Bishop, I was told afterward, complained that the blocking of the street by my congregation, had prevented his people from assembling.

After finishing my sermon, I made the un-Methodistic announcement that there would be no collection. I said that the majority of my hearers were dead broke, and that I would not pain their poverty by asking what they could not give, but that I would share their lot with them and was contented. When I had closed, a gambler, known as "Cherokee Bob," (the poor fellow was subsequently killed in California) came to me to tell me I had lost two hundred dollars by not taking up a collection.

"Why," said he, "I would have chipped in twenty dollars, and then gone round with the hat, and I tell you, preacher, you have made an awful mistake in that collection business."

That mistake followed me like a nightmare, for had I not lost two hundred dollars, which might have been placed to the credit of the Missionary Society. One day, years after, I met in Toronto a man who had heard that sermon, a good, honest, but somewhat unfortunate miner, named Bastedo. He reminded me of the sermon, and particularly of my refusing to take up a collection.

"That announcement," he said, "did Jesus Christ and his Gospel more good than anything else. The boys said, 'Here is a man who has come four hundred miles to preach to us fellows for nothing,' and they declared they would share their last piece of bread with me, when flour was a dollar a pound."

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will," and the loss of that two hundred dollars was about the best investment I ever made.

The largest collection I ever took up among the miners was one hundred dollars. It was in a saloon, and under circumstances but seldom, if ever, paralleled. I had come into camp late at night, having travelled through the woods as part of a gold escort, and being compelled by the circumstances for the first and only time in my life to carry a loaded revolver.

At the forks of the trails we had seen what was thought to be highwaymen. The twilight was on us, and so through the gathering darkness we pushed our way until we reached Williams Lake. From far and near had gathered at this place all the gamblers and horse-racers of the country, and the night was as open as the day, for it was then the highest stakes were lost and won. There was trouble in the very air and danger everywhere. Only the knowledge of British law kept them from cutting each other's throats.

In the suburbs of the camp a poor miner lay dying, and I visited him, staying with him till he died. I was sitting by his corpse in the gathering gloom, when I saw a shadow darkening the doorway. I looked up to see a woman dressed in man's clothes. I knew there was one woman in the camp, and that she was a poor Magdalene. This was evidently she. Approaching me, she said respectfully and tearfully :

"Sir, it is a woman's privilege

to prepare the dead for their burial. Will you permit me to do so by that poor corpse ?"

Could I refuse ? No ; and I thought, and still think, that He who said of another woman, " She hath done what she could," looked down with tender approval on the poor soul who stood in this one act of her womanhood absolutely alone.

On the morrow I buried the dead miner. The grave was in a lovely spot, shaded by cottonwood trees, and everywhere nature was looking her best. The saloon men, the racers and gamblers, had all come to the funeral. In the groups of men around, I saw many a face betokening intelligence and education, but all going down one stream, with the rapids not far away. I spoke plainly, but tenderly, by that open grave to that strange congregation. Tears fell from many an eye, and the dear, rough fellows reached across the grave to take my hand and thank me for my services to their dead comrade.

One thing more they wanted, and that was a funeral sermon. But where was the church to be. There was no place but the saloon, and the bar and three gambling tables blocked the way. They said if I would preach in the saloon the bar should be closed, and the gambling tools all put away, and I should have fair play to preach the Gospel as I liked. The night came, and I found the conditions all fulfilled.

I was warming up to my subject, when I was interrupted by a cheer. I went on, only to receive another cheer. I then remonstrated, but it was no use, cheer they would, and did not forget to give me a " tiger " at the close. It was then they took up the collection of one hundred dollars.

After it was all over, and before the bar was opened, a gentlemanly Virginian, named Jeffery, came up to me in the name of the boys, to beg my pardon for the cheering. His explanation was a peculiar one.

" Do you know," said he, " the most of us are Methodists, and when boys, went to church with our fathers and mothers. The hymns you sang, the prayers you offered, and the sermon you preached, brought back memories or our innocent and happier days. Had we been good, we should have said, Amen, but being as we are, not good, we could only cheer. Will you please forgive us, if we have annoyed you."

I have often wished since, when preaching to a dull, unresponsive congregation, I had a few of the Williams Lake boys present to cheer.

The saloon was unlocked, the gambling tables were opened, and on through the night the deviltry continued. Towards morning a row occurred, and the brains of a poor fellow, who had listened to me the night before, bespattered the table on which my Bible had rested, and another, who had listened to me, and who did the shooting, was arrested for the crime.

Was my work all in vain ? No ; I was only the sower who went forth to sow, and some seed I shall find again in the fulness of the harvest, which is yet to be.

It was at Williams Lake I met the companies of overlanders, men who had fought their way across the continent, and, discouraged and dispirited, to find the poor man's El Dorado was not so near nor so sure as in their dreams they had imagined. I saw in these men another company of pilgrim fathers, and knew if they only lived and waited, this new world on which they were entering would repay them all. Some of them remained and fought their way

through poverty and isolation to places of honour and trust. Others failed, and not a few have slept their last sleep. But they were among the vanguard of Canadians who preserved British Columbia to a federated Canada. I look on such as they with reverence, for in these pioneers of civilization, and others like them were the germ of a yet mighty nation called the Dominion of Canada.

THE "CORRECT STANDARD TIME."

BY THOMAS LINDSAY.

Secretary of the Toronto Astronomical Society.

We are familiar with this legend, across the face of a clock, and are grateful enough to the enterprising merchant who places a carefully adjusted chronometer in his window for everybody's use. But we are always in a hurry—one glance —"so much fast or slow"—pass on—the time-piece will be there any day we want it, we go about our own affairs.

We could hardly be expected to remember, performing such a simple operation, that the complete history of the "correct" chronometer is the history of astronomy; that it is the result of the labours of—but when did man begin to study nature? "The wheels go round," evidencing marvellous artistic skill. They are adjusted to a time unit, guarded like the sacred fire of some heathen temple. Science knows how to recover it if it were lost awhile, but that it may not be lost, erects and maintains hundreds of establishments for the sole purpose of retaining it, literally under her eye. How the wheels are made to go around may be told by some mechanician who has employed his skill in our service; how the unit is preserved we may read in the history of mathematical astronomy.

Our modern ideas of exactness have been evolved, from something or other. The ancients were quite unacquainted with anything like them, yet they were doubtless happy enough. And so we, without the "correct" time of the persistent star-gazer, might manage to go about our business and enjoy life, or dread it, just as our ancestors did. But the fact remains that we are restless, ambitious, exacting, and if we planted a settlement within the Arctic circle to-morrow, one of our first cares would be to take a chronometer there and adjust it to "correct standard time." Most of us can remember when the term "standard" was not in use. We can remember that Sunday when all the clocks in this country were adjusted by a very simple process to a new method. Before that day we spoke of "mean solar time," and as this is really the basis of clock adjustment, it is the term we are here concerned with.

All the races that are, or, so far as we know, have ever been, on the earth, have connected the flight of time with celestial phenomena. No student of "man's antiquity" can tell us of a people who did not have a year, a year, too, measured by the recurrence of the seasons, and known to depend upon the apparent, or to them, rather, real, path of the sun in the heavens. Even our arboreal ancestors, to use the politest term we can think of, were intelligent enough to observe the recurrence of the day. Weeks

and months mean civilization to a certain extent; but the day and the year are in nature. We would expect, then, that either one or the other would be studied as the unit by any people desiring to make records at all.

Observation and study were necessary as soon as man became so civilized as to have wants. This was far enough back in history to make it now an impossible matter to tell just when it was discovered that the cycle of the seasons occupied about 365 days. But the time when the first estimate of the odd hours was made, is pretty well established, and when we learn that Hipparchus, in the second century, B.C., determined the length of the year within six minutes, we are not so very ready to attribute ignorance of nature to the ancients. The days of Hipparchus' time were sun-dial days, with water clocks of various kinds to help out in cloudy weather. With these the world moved on its course fairly well—there is a good deal of history in between Hipparchus and the renaissance.

We might easily imagine a world in which a sun-dial would be a perfect clock; a planet revolving in a circular orbit about some distant sun would be an excellent clock in itself, for the intervals between successive returns of the shadow to the central mark would be equal. In our experience, however, we do not move about our sun with a regular motion, and so the shadow of the dial comes to the centre now a little sooner, now a little later. This kind of thing we cannot put up with in our modern life, and we find that since observatories were established in Europe, astronomers have been accustomed to use mean solar time as the measure of the mean solar day.

Suppose for a moment that the Copernican system is altogether wrong; that the earth is stationary, while the sun whirls around it. Then every day he passes directly over the meridian of our station, wherever it is; and the shadow on the dial points north and south exactly, then we find that the next day is longer or shorter; that will not do at all. Now, we imagine a second sun whirling round us in absolutely equal intervals of time; on one day the two suns are together; the true sun gains and loses on the other, which day after day crosses the meridian exactly "on time." To this convenient and obliging, though imaginary, body, the chronometer is adjusted, measuring "mean solar time." But the astronomer cannot see what is non-existent; he can, however, calculate its place if it did exist and performed such revolutions. To do this requires the exercise of the very highest mathematical skill, the use of data resulting from centuries of labour, and the construction of instruments of extreme precision. Then at last he is ready to call for the chronometer, and at a given signal start it going, to be carefully watched and corrected day by day.

But whence the signal? It is not from the mean or imaginary sun, for that we may define as simply a mathematical formula. It is not even from the true sun, and for several reasons; chiefly, one observation of the meridian passage is not reliable enough for this work, the sun is a large body, it is not an easy matter to fix its centre usually, and it is the centre of something the astronomer wants, for his meridian is the finest possible spider line. His calculations are based upon observations of the sun, but from a very great number of them; he will not trust one alone for accuracy at this moment. Whence then the signal?

Let us come back to the Coper-

nican system and to the lesser of the two units of time in nature. Now, we know that the passing of the sun across our meridian is really the passing of our meridian under the sun; and we have learned from countless observations that the axial spin is constant; we have learned that however irregular the sun may be if we observe a star instead, the intervals between successive meridian passages are equal. The accumulated labours of ages have given us the places of hundreds of stars with extreme accuracy. The very slight variations in their positions are yet large enough to be considered, and they have been tabulated. They are points of light, centres only, as it were. If one of these cross his meridian, the astronomer has a signal that satisfies him; he may start his chronometer.

We are ready now to take a practical lesson. We fix on some favourable evening when the observer at Toronto Observatory is going to "take the time." He took it last night, say, but is it correct now? The legend on the down-town clocks, whose owners look to him as arbiter, are not qualified in any way—"correct time," nobody but a lawyer could make anything else out of it. Well, he opens up the transit-room and the clock-room. In the former, resting on heavy metal arms (technically Y's), mounted on a stone pedestal, firm as a rock, is a telescope of 3-inch aperture. Mr. Blake, who is about to use it, assures us that it is of the highest excellence as an observing instrument in the first place. It swings freely on the supports, but varies not a hair to the east or west. The optical centre of the telescope coincides with the meridian. Instead of spider web lines, or lines of platinum wire, which are sometimes used, we have here a thin plate of glass, with fine rulings, adjusted in the eye-piece. One of these fine markings is the meridian of Toronto; not the one a fraction of an inch to the right or left, but just one, the "central line" absolutely.

Now, it is possible that a slight change of temperature during the day has affected the poise of the telescope on its bearings, and a delicate level is used to determine whether such an error has crept in or not. If it has, it is noted. A little lamp is adjusted to throw light into the tube and illuminate the delicate lines in the eye-piece. The clock-room is opened up, and the chronograph set in motion. Pressing the button at the telescope will record the instant of that pressing. The shutters are opened, and there is the clear sky. Now, the star list, selected from the Nautical Almanac of Greenwich, offers some hundreds of stars to choose from every hour. One will reach the meridian in a minute or two. The telescope is elevated to the required altitude, and, button in hand, the observer waits for its entrance into the field of view. He wishes to note the instant when the star crosses the middle line, but he will not be satisfied with one observation. There are nine threads over which it will pass, he will press the button nine times, and the mean of the recorded times will give him the instant of central passage, with one outstanding error—resulting from his own physical condition, technically his own "personal equation." He has determined this from hundreds of trials. He may press the button too soon, or it may be too late, by the merest fraction of a second, but such as it is, is an established error to be applied to the recorded time.

We may now be assured that the instant of absolute time when that star crossed the meridian is known. But what about the clock

with which Mr. Blake is concerned as the trusty guide for all the rest in Toronto? Was the time shown on the clock just what it should have been? He will tell us that to-morrow, when he has applied a dozen small corrections to the star's place in the heavens. Then he will know how far (in time of transit) the star was from the mean sun, and he will be able to turn his result from star time into mean solar time. As we have by Act of Parliament decided to adjust our clocks to exactly five hours from Greenwich, he will add 17 minutes, 34 and a fraction seconds, and is ready to give to any one the "correct standard time."

But he must preserve his unit, else how will he get along on the next clear night? Clearly the unit he uses is not the sun-dial day; neither is it the mean solar day; it is the sidereal day, the actual turning of the earth upon its axis, irrespective of everything else in the universe. He literally sees it turn, as he watches the bright points in the heavens rise, culminate and set. But these points are not absolutely fixed; their variations are small, but effective; the figures for one night are not just the same as for another. To compute these variations, to compare the places with that of the sun that regulates the day and the night, to tabulate these that all interested may read, is the work of the compilers of our great national astronomical ephemeris—in the pages of that work the unit of time is preserved. It might be lost, and the world could live its history without it, as it did for centuries. But man has reached too far now to wish to draw back, or to cease his efforts to still further advance. The mechanician will continue his labours on the construction of a time-piece; the astronomer will spend his life in furnishing data by which to test it, and between the two the legend on the clock is forever safe.

Toronto.

"FOR MY SAKE."

Three little words, but full of tenderest meaning;
Three little words the heart can scarcely hold;
Three little words, but on their import dwelling
What wealth of love these syllables unfold!

"For My sake" cheer the suffering, help the needy;
On earth this was My work, I gave it thee.
If thou wouldst follow in Thy Master's footsteps,
Take up My cross and come and learn of Me.

"For My sake" let the harsh word die unuttered
That trembles on the swift, impetuous tongue;
"For my sake" check the quick, rebellious feeling
That rises when thy brother does the wrong.

"For My sake" press with steadfast patience onward
Although the race be hard, the battle long,
Within My Father's house are many mansions;
There thou shalt rest and join the victor's song.

And if in coming days the world revile thee,
If "for My sake" thou suffer pain and loss;
Bear on, faint heart; thy Master went before thee;
They only wear His crown who share His cross.

MARIA MITCHELL.*

BY MISS A. C. TAYLOR.

Very early in the century, which has been such a golden age for women, there appeared in the Quaker settlement of the little island of Nantucket, a sweet, strong soul, whose influence has been a potent factor in the intellectual advancement of her sex.

Mathematician, scientist, astronomer, the only woman ever admitted to membership in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, a member of the American Philosophical Society, of the New York Sorosis, an LL.D. of Hanover College in her fiftieth year, and of Columbia College in later life, she was in many respect advanced far beyond any of her later-born sisters.

Personal gratification and ambition, however, and that original investigation which was her delight, were made subservient to her chosen life work, the cause of higher education for women. She was one of the earliest members of the American Association for the Advancement of Woman, and in connection with this organization she for many years served as chairman of the committee of science, thus reaching the women students of science in all parts of the country. Not least among her various degrees did she value that of Ph.D., from Rutger's Female College. In Vassar College, where for over twenty years she held the position of Professor of Astronomy and Director of the Observatory, her influence over her pupils was "permanent, character-moulding, and unceasingly progressive." To them she said:

"Whatever apology other women may have for loose, ill-finished work, or work not finished at all, you will have none. Living a little outside of the college, beyond the reach of the little currents that go up and down the corridors, I think I am a fairer judge of your advantages than you can be yourselves. I do not mean the education of text-books, and class-rooms, and apparatus, only, but that broader education which you receive unconsciously, that higher teaching which comes to you, all unknown to the givers, from daily association with the noble-souled women who are around you."

The expression, "I am but a woman," she could not endure. "What more," she asks, "can you wish to be?"

"Born a woman—born with the average brain of humanity—born with more than the average heart—if you are mortal, what higher destiny could you have? No matter where you are, nor what you are, you are a power—your influence is incalculable; personal influence is always underrated by the person. We are all centres of spheres—we see the portion of the sphere above us, and we see how little we affect it. We forget the part of the sphere around and before us—it extends just as far every way."

Her own development and education in childhood were directed with most extreme care. Her mother was a woman of strong character and strong affection, whose methods with her children resembled not a little those of the Kindergarten of to-day. From her father, who more particularly took charge of her education, Maria imbibed her love of astronomy, and many hours of the quiet night the two spent upon the housetop together, intent upon their observation of the heavens,

* *Maria Mitchell. Life and Correspondence.* By her Sister, Phebe M. Kendall. With portraits. Cloth, $2.00. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Toronto: William Briggs.

and quoting to each other freely from Cowper, Young, and the Bible.

Delightful though her home life was, it was simple and uneventful in the extreme. Not beautiful, and in childhood shy and slow, Maria gave little promise of the greatness which attended her maturity. As Quakers, the family were debarred from many of the pleasures which other young people enjoy, but such as they had they made the most of. Instrumental music was not for them, but their dwelling resounded with frequent and hearty song. Bright clothing they might not wear, but the little home was as gay with dainty colouring as the cherished little flower plot behind their house. The story of the way in which the piano was first furtively introduced into a garden annex, then, in the absence of the seniors of the family, smuggled upstairs into the living rooms, and, as Pope would say, "first endured, then pitied, then embraced," is very amusing.

The restrictions of the island life were greatly increased in winter, where, during the depth of the season, the inhabitants were sometimes completely cut off from intercourse with the outside world, —for weeks together knowing nothing of what was going on there.

In old age this energetic woman boasted that she had earned a salary for fifty years, and so it was. At sixteen she became a teacher, but soon relinquished the position for that of librarian of the Nantucket Atheneum, which office she filled for twenty years. Here she amply availed herself of the privilege of directing the reading of the young people in her neighbourhood, and also of advising them on many points of vital interest in their lives. She was a constant student in her free moments, and when interrupted by the entrance of visitors to the library, she took up knitting or other needle work while she talked. In all departments of home work she could, and did, lend a helping hand when necessary, and whatever she undertook was done thoroughly and well. To the younger members of her family she was by turn playfellow and sick nurse, and to her no work was unimportant if conducive to the welfare or comfort of others. Thus, in early life, she was a power for good in her neighbourhood and in her home.

When still under thirty, Miss Mitchell suddenly found herself famous. Ever mindful of the telescope on the housetop, she, on the evening of the 1st October, '47, left a party of young friends to slip aloft for a few minutes, but soon returned in great excitement, to summon her father to the scene of their studies, declaring that she had found a comet. Finding this to be indeed the case, Mr. Mitchell immediately communicated with Professor Bond, of Cambridge, but the mails were delayed two days on account of stormy weather. Meantime the comet had been seen in Rome, in England, and in Germany.

The interest of this discovery was enhanced by the fact that in the year 1831 a gold medal had been offered by the King of Denmark to the first discoverer of a telescopic comet. Mr. Mitchell having, with some difficulty, through his friend, Prof. Bond, of Cambridge, established the priority of his daughter's claim, she became the proud possessor of the royal medal.

From this time she became a public character, year by year gaining membership in the foremost scientific associations of the day, previously alluded to. To her

great amusement, she found herself lionized with the other scientists.

She possessed in great degree the desirable faculty of making the best of it. From the Atheneum, in her youth, she had received a salary scarcely sufficient, we are told, to dress an ordinary schoolgirl of to-day, and yet this woman of genius contrived to take a little trip every year, to remember faithfully all the birthday and Christmas occasions, and to set aside annually an amount for defrayment of the expenses of a European tour.

When almost forty she entered upon her hard-earned holiday. She was accompanied by the young daughter of a wealthy banker, and took with her also her nautical almanac work, which she found no difficulty in keeping up, as astronomers everywhere received her kindly, and gave her the freedom of their observatories.

Across her own continent she travelled first. With the enthusiasm of youth and the comprehension of maturity she prepared herself to see and hear all that was to be seen and heard. The slave market at New Orleans aroused her deep sympathy. Although she found a majority of slaves in the South well cared for and content, she considered the slave trade an evil in its effects upon both races.

That mental activity is conducive to long life one cannot but infer from consideration of the people whose acquaintance Miss Mitchell sought, on both sides of the Atlantic. Letters of introduction she readily obtained from the scientific people of her own country to the scientists, astronomers, and mathematicians of Europe, and many of these she found lingering to extreme old age in the service of their kind. The best people everywhere were as anxious to know her as she was to know them, and all doors opened before her,—even that of the Papal Observatory at Rome, to which no other woman has ever been admitted.

In England this Quaker democrat learned also with extreme surprise that the daughter of Sir John Herschel was allowed to sit in the presence of the Queen only because of a connection with the royal household, whereas to the Mitchell family, from early childhood, the name of Herschel had stood for all that was great on earth.

The main points of interest to Miss Mitchell everywhere were the observatories and their directors. Much time she spent with Prof. Airy, of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, London,—the zero point of longitude for the world. Through him she met Sir John Herschel, also Mrs. Somerville, said to have been the most learned lady in Europe, who yet mourned all her life that she had not had the advantages of education. In Paris she met Mons. Leverrier, of the Imperial Observatory, who held telegraphic communication with all Europe, except Great Britain.

St. Petersburg, Russia, she describes as another planet, with its midnight sun, its incomprehensible thermometers, and its twelve days behind time (because of the old style computation). In Pulkova Observatory, however, with Otto Von Struve, she was at home. She soon discovered in this strange land many points of vantage over her own beloved country, notably the condition of women, thousands of whom were studying science, many enjoying the advantage of a medical education, and all taking interest in public affairs, and voting when owners of property. There, too, a few years since, twenty-three million serfs had been freed without war, while the

United States was on the verge of its bloody strife over the release of four or five million blacks.

Her crowning triumph she attained at Rome, where she travelled in company with the Hawthorne family. Here, despite her creed and sex, she gained entrance to the sacred precincts of the Collegio Romano, an honour denied to Mary Somerville and Miss Herschel, and never since accorded to any woman. The air of Italy she found so pure and clear that she declared that sunny land to be the very paradise of astronomers, and so far beyond all others in general interest that a few days in Rome were better than weeks of sojourn elsewhere.

That compelling power commonly called "personal magnetism," and which might, perhaps, be better described by the term "thorough originality," belonged in a marked degree to Miss Mitchell. The beaten track had no charms for her. "Who settles the way?" she said. "Is there any one so forgetful of the sovereignty bestowed on her by God that she accepts a leader—one who shall capture her mind?" She valued the discovery born of doubt, the truth purchased by investigation, but bemoaned the limitations of the human soul, which, straining every nerve, could only "seize a bit of the curtain hiding the infinite."

But with all her sturdy, self-respecting independence, hers was a sweet humility too. In middle life she declared that the best to be said of her was that she had been industrious, and had never pretended to be what she was not. "It seems to me," she writes, "that naturalness alone is power; that a borrowed word is weaker than our own weakness, however small we may be." Over her coffin, when life was done, it was said that her most striking characteristic had been her genuineness. "There was no false note in Maria Mitchell's thinking or utterance."

Of spiritual experience she says: "If we cannot learn through nature's laws the certainty of spiritual truths, we can at least learn to promote spiritual growth while we are together, and live in a trusting hope of a greater growth in the future. Every formula which expresses a law of nature is a hymn of praise to God."

But—alas for those who seek Him so—the knowledge of God cannot be obtained by scientific investigation, nor proved by mathematical demonstration, neither can we, by directing our puny optical instruments against the vastness of the physical universe, find Him out. To those only who seek Him in childlike humility and faith will He manifest Himself and say, "Be still, and know that I am God;" "Thou shalt know that I, the Lord, am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer;" and, clearer than any axiom, stronger than any proof, is the knowledge of indwelling life, "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself."

Unfortunately for this great woman, she did not so learn Christ, and her noble life was uncheered by the clear light of His abiding presence. Her father had taught her in her childhood that "the undevout astronomer is mad." The diary pages of her middle life declare the belief in a great and good Creator, but not in the revelation of the Father through His only Begotten Son.

"There is a God, and He is good," she writes. "I try to increase my trust in this, my only article of faith."

"I am hopeful that scientific investigation, pushed on and on, will reveal new ways in which God works, and bring to us deeper revelations of the wholly unknown."

"The physical and the spiritual

seem to be at present separated by an impassable gulf; but at any moment that gulf may be over-leaped —possibly a new revelation may come."

Unlike skeptics of a more shallow sort, Miss Mitchell never obtruded her doubts in general society, bearing in silence what she could not believe. Some few strong souls, however, she consulted with in regard to religious beliefs and the immortality of the soul. To her, Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, then in his eightieth year, said that he cherished the sure and certain hope of immortality, which scientifically he believed more probable than otherwise, spirit being independent of matter. Professor Pierce, in his seventieth year, declared his firm belief in a future state, without which life would be "a cruel tragedy." Whittier told her of his unbounded faith in the goodness of God, and the existence of a future state.

Her strong personality, her thorough sincerity, her sympathy and tenderness, were such that all needy lives touching hers were the better and the brighter for the contact; and those who were about her in her last days believe that she, in her time of need, when her weakening feet were tottering on the brink of time, found in the wane of life the truth which she had vainly sought in the pride of prime, not through any "new revelation," but in the one and only way provided among men whereby we must be saved.

Thus, doing good by every means within her power, one of the lights of our century lived among us, looked out with eager interest upon the physical worlds around, and passed again to God who gave her.

Ottawa, Ont.

THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

A CONTRAST.

BY THE REV. ROBERT CADE.

Had the angels who sang to the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem the inaugural anthem of the world's brotherhood and peace, revisited the earth a thousand years after, they would have found the abodes of men still the habitations of darkness, oppression, and wrong. The condition of social life, even in the countries that led the world upon the great highways of improvement, was lax and low. Scintillations of civilization fringed the edges of the deep midnight, but it was yet ages before the dawn.

The close of the eleventh century saw William Rufus, the son of the Conqueror, upon the throne of Britain. The victorious invasion of the Normans upon Anglo-Saxon soil marked in morals a distinct advance upon the loose and licentious Saxon reigns and race. Phillip was king in France, and Urban II. pope in Rome. It was the time of the First Crusade, which set out to arrest the deluge of Mohammedan aggression that threatened to overwhelm the whole of Western Europe, and it succeeded.

The religious Crusade that followed, and that proposed to rescue the Holy City from the Seljuk Turks was less successful. It was

the famous age of chivalry, of which so much has been said and sung, of the brave and belted knights and their noble code, "Always to tell the truth, to aid the helpless and oppressed, and never to turn the back upon a foe."

Heroism in men and loyal love in womanhood gleam out here and there among the annals of those times. History tells of a garrison which, after long holding out against a besieging enemy, was compelled to surrender, and the exasperated general ordered all the brave defenders to be put to death, but gave permission to the wives to take possession of their husbands' clothing, jewels, and whatever they considered precious, and the wives filed out of the garrison gates each with her husband upon her shoulders, as the most precious of her possessions, and by this stratagem saved their husbands' lives.

But there was not much in those generations to make life worth living. America was not then discovered. The art of printing was unknown. Literature existed only at immense expense, by the penman's skill and the embellisher's art. The Bible lay hidden in the original manuscripts and was jealously guarded from the touch of the common people in the seclusion of the monasteries. The movement of travel was limited, cumbersome and slow. The lower classes could not emigrate unless carried by the stream of war. The labourer was a serf, owned by his feudal lord, and wore around his neck a brass or iron collar on which was stamped his owner's name. His staple food was a loaf of barley bread and a tankard of small beer. The potato patch was yet but a dream of a golden age. His cabin was thatched with straw and carpeted with hardened mud, and he laid down at night under his bear-skin covering, lighted with a farthing rush-light candle.

He had no books to beguile his leisure hours. Dante, Milton, and Shakespeare had not breathed out their ethereal flames. At any hour of night the young man was liable to be aroused by the baron's summons and told off into one of the many wars the temper of those ill-regulated times seemed to make necessary.

There was no trial by jury. The accused was arrested on the merest suspicion, and hanged on the simplest pretext, at the whim of the local tyrant, and no one had right or power to offer remonstrance. The application of torture to persons suspected of crime was part of the machinery of justice. Superstition rendered any one a little in advance of his surroundings in danger of being roasted alive on the charge of witchcraft. No poor man's maiden was safe from the rich man's lust; the outraged father could only nurse his wrath in secret, and the mother die of a broken heart.

The rise of the great democracy and the reign of the masses was not yet come. Postal conveniences did not exist. The people had but little correspondence, and commerce was limited to the merchant carrying his wares, generally upon his back, and peddling them from house to house. Surgical treatment of wounds and diseases was horrible beyond description. The merciful discoveries which have made physicians welcome to the sick chamber and the operating table had not come to light. Centuries after the Middle Ages, smallpox carried off in a limited period, it is said, 100,000,000 of the world's population, and no one seemed capable of arresting the horrible plague. The sun rose and set, and summer came and went over the herds of men who knew but little more of each

other and the world in which they lived than we know of the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter.

But the discovery of America, the invention of printing, and the translation of the Bible into the English language, bursting simultaneously upon the world, were the signal for the renaissance of intellect and the emancipation of the masses. In Germany and Britain the spirit of the people awoke. Freedom asserted its native rights. Brawny hands shook off the incubus of the barons, the angel of religion brooded over the lands, the valleys of moral and social sterility became stirred with a strange life. The genius of adventure appeared. The populations arose and started out upon other fields. Colonies were planted and multiplied. Ideas ran to and fro. Interchange of interests increased. Invention trod upon the heels of discovery. The social residuum clamoured for a voice and vote in public affairs, and got it, and Tommy Atkins was king.

No intelligent mind would grudge the wreath that modern civilization should reverently place upon the brow of Christianity, or treat with cynical indifference the heroic and martyr efforts its witnesses and confessors wrought that they might leave to posterity the inheritance of the social elevation and common freedom we now enjoy. Men there are who, struggling under the industrial pressure of recent years, would hark us back again to these mediaeval eras of whose discomforts they know so little, and with loud and liberal speech talk as though there was nothing in our present condition but prospective wreck in morals, collapse of religious faith, and despair for the workingman. But we are not of that creed. It is contrary to Bible revelation, to accredited sense, to enlightened science, and to all the developments of divine procedure, to imagine that the Pilot of all human things, having directed us so far across the unknown, will not direct us still further, and until we come into the continent of some nobler developments and more tranquil and triumphant times.

The age has no mission for the anarchist, the atheist, or the pessimist. The apostle of the French Revolution type is an anachronism. The school of the prophets that predicts nothing but despair belongs to a subterranean dispensation and not to this.

The elixir of a glorious and elastic life is in the hands of a consecrated age, and the beautiful feet of the publishers of peace are upon all the mountains of our higher civilization, leading always the bewildered wanderer in the direction of universal hope and everlasting peace.

We may yet be a long way in the rear of those bright millennial years when brotherhood will touch brotherhood all the world over; when the wrongs of man and womankind will be completely redressed, when violence will be no more heard in our streets, when wasting and destruction will disappear as nightmares of a disordered past, and when this redeemed world becomes heaven-baptized, and angels sing again in our sacred places, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, the whole earth is full of his glory," and the new earth and the new heavens join in the predicted Hallelujah Chorus, and this erstwhile desert planet is one grand temple to the beautiful and universal King; but—

> "I hear Hope singing, sweetly singing,
> Softly in an undertone;
> Singing as if God taught her,
> It is better farther on."

The times are eminently optimistic, as they were intended to be. Christian militarism holds the

field against the world. Let the defenders of our faith guard well the ground already taken, and advance to new conquests as our fathers did. The dying century has had a fair record. The elevation of the masses in the direction of self-government; the liberal facilities afforded for broader, higher, and even scientific education; the wondrous cheapness and diffusion of rich and pure literature; the opportunities within reach of all our youth to rise into lucrative and honourable positions; the improvement in the circumstances of woman, and the tendency to take advantage of that improvement in ameliorating the condition of her sex; the massing of public opinion against the legislative sanction to sell strong drink; the increase in domestic comforts observable in the homes of the industrial classes; the merciful disposition manifest toward the classes that make up our prison populations; the accessibility of the rich areas of the earth to the enterprising spirit; the rapid increase of brotherhood and generosities upon the paths of human distress and want; the vigorous assertion of Christian law in legislating out of existence prize-fighting and lotteries, making more and more saloon service difficult, and that is watching with Argus eye all attempts at bribery in legislation and corruption in government; the rapid progress of Christian missions, and the mighty building up of Christian civilizations in the dense solitudes of the earth and the denser wilderness of men: all these considerations, and immeasurably more, sharpen the contrast with the conditions of life in mediaeval ages past, and in mediaeval nations such as China and Turkey to-day, and tell to every enlightened mind and unprejudiced heart, the majestic swing in advance of these Christian epochs beyond any former period in the history of the world. Prophetic souls tell us that they see the vision in the heavens of the coming glory, and that the hour is ready to strike when the angels will sing again to men:

"For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing."

THE CONQUEROR.

I saw an angel with majestic mien,
And radiant brow, and smile divinely sweet;
Strong human passions writhed about his feet.
There, too, expired those coward faults which screen
Themselves behind Inheritance, and lean
On dead men for their strength, and think it meet:
All, all lay prostrate, owning their defeat,
Then to the Spirit with the eyes serene
I cried aloud, in wonder and in awe:
"O mighty One, who art thou, that thy glance
Can circumvent heredity, cheat chance
And conquer Nature! What thine occult law?
Art thou incarnate Fate—the Over-Soul?"
The angel answered, "*I am Self-Control.*"

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

RHODA ROBERTS.*

A WELSH MINING STORY.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Adam Cartright's Will," etc.

"For the upright shall dwell in the land. . . But the wicked shall be cut off from the earth, and the transgressors shall be rooted out of it."—*Proverbs of Solomon.*

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.
—*From the Sinngedichte of Friedrich Von Logau.*

CHAPTER I.

IN THE MINE.

A long-continued heat and a steadily rising temperature had suddenly been followed by a heavy fall in the barometer, and notices were posted up near to the mouth of the Big Pit stating that all underground men were to exercise extra caution when below, as "falls" and "subsidences" were likely to occur. So, in effect, ran the warning each batch of men read on the notice-board that morning before they descended the shaft of the mine.

A strange and somewhat weird sight in the grey dawn of the morning to see the pale-faced colliers in coaly-black clothes, their two scanty meals slung on their backs in a clean white bag, a breakfast can or small tin-jack in hand, a short clay pipe in their mouths, and a tiny lamp, in which burned a naked flame, fastened in the front of their closely-fitting caps, all eagerly pressing forward to read the warning on the notice-board.

"You must keep yer eyes open, lads," said the fireman, as one batch turned away and stepped into the cage. "Keep eye, brain, and nerve alert to-day."

"Much foul air below?" asked one of the men.

"Yes, in places," answered the fireman, whose sole duty it was to go through the mine very early every morning before the men arrived and test the workings with a Davy lamp, and to put up signals in dangerous places with the word "Fire" chalked upon them.

"Any falls, Seth?" asked a strapping young fellow of eighteen or nineteen years of age, who now stood with one foot on the cage and his head turned in the direction of the speaker.

* By special arrangement with the author and publishers we are enabled to present this stirring story of British Methodism to the readers of THE METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW. We do this with peculiar pleasure because we regard it as one of the most strongly-written stories we have ever published. It will run through the year, and we are sure will prove intensely interesting, instructive and edifying. The author, though as yet comparatively little known on this side of the sea, has won name and fame in the Old Land. His story of "Rhoda Roberts" has been received with very strong commendation by the British press. His series of "Methodist Idylls," which have been recently appearing in the *Methodist Times*, London, have attracted much attention and will shortly be brought out in book form. His "Robert Forward; or, a Life's Secret," published by the Wesleyan Conference Office, holds up to special reprobation the pernicious habit of gambling. The chief incidents in the story of "Rhoda Roberts" are literally true, even to the awful explosion in the great mine—the great Llanerch explosion, in fact—and the author was an eye-witness of all the tragic sights in connection with it. Mr. Harry Lindsay is a Wesleyan Methodist local preacher, connected with a Wesleyan day-school and is in hearty sympathy with the spirit and best traditions of British Methodism.—ED.

"None worth speaking of, Dick," replied the fireman; "but have a care, lad, have a care. Yer stall is none so safe a place, an' a moment might sen' you into eternity." Then, drawing nearer, and in a lower voice, but not so low as to be unheard by several of the bystanders, "Hast thee said thy prayers this morning, lad? Our work, you know, is full of hazard, and one never knows, when he's going down there," pointing to the pit, "whether he'll ever come up alive again or not. But our lives are in God's hands, Dick, and if we be His children He'll look arter us."

The gong sounded as he spoke, and the cage, with about a dozen men in it, at once commenced to descend the shaft, but not before young Dick Fowler had assured Seth Roberts, the kind-hearted fireman, that he indeed had invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon his life, and had committed its keeping to His care.

Slowly the huge cage creaked and groaned its way to the bottom of the shaft, and then the men quickly separated to the different parts of the mine in which they were severally engaged. Dick Fowler's work lay about a quarter of a mile down the main cutting, and he journeyed thitherward with two other men whose stalls lay near his.

"Thee'st said thy prayers, then, Dick, lad?" sneered one of them, as they slushed along through the thick mud so general in underground roads, where the water is continually dripping from the low roofs and soaking into the footway, where no sun ever comes to dry it, and which, trampled and retrampled upon continually by a hundred different pairs of feet, is kept year in and year out in a state of perfect puddle. "What good does prayin' do ye?"

"Every good," answered Dick. "I've always been taught to believe in prayer, an' I've proved its value a score o' times mysel'."

"Look 'ere," said the other, stopping short and pointing towards the roof with the end of his mandril; "dost 'ee think that all the prayers in Christendom would stop that 'ere blessed roof a-fallin' in if it wasn't secure? If there was a fissure right 'cross 'ere," indicating it with his mandril, "an' ye prayed till yer was black in th' face, it would crash down upon ye after all."

"But God would save me from coming under it," said Dick.

"Tush!" replied the other; "I don't believe a bit on it—such childishness! And that's shiftin' the argument. What I want to know is this—Can prayer hinder half a hundredweight of stone from fallin'?"

"Yes," cried Dick, reverently, "I believe it can."

"Then yer a bigger fool than I took ye for," testily exclaimed Rake Swinton. "What do you say, George?" addressing the other man journeying with them.

"Not a word," answered George Ford, "not a word upon that subject. I'm not a religious man—everyone who knows me knows that, and therefore I can't pass any opinion one way or the other; but I've heard Parson Thornleigh talk in very much the same way as Dick does. What I can't make out 'bout all these religious chaps is this—why can't there be just one church where everybody as likes to go to church could go together i'stead of all these sects an' denominations, Methodists and Baptists, Congregationalists and Independents, Calvinists, and goodness knows what—why don't they all jine together an' worship in the same place? There would be something in that, but nowadays

every half-dozen people or so seem bent upon havin' a little 'bus of their own to go to heaven."

Rake Swinton laughed boisterously and ironically, while he poked Dick Fowler tauntingly with the end of his mandril.

"Good, good," he cried. "Well done, George."

"Them's my sentiments," said George Ford, "whether folk likes 'em or not. All the different parsons just seem to me like so many 'bus-guards standing on the footboard of their 'buses and hollerin' out to the people, 'This way for salvation! Now's yer time! Not a blessed moment to lose! Come aboard our 'buses, else ye'll all go to perdition! Don't have anything to do with other 'buses, or yer lost, lost, lost!'"

Again Rake Swinton laughed loud and tauntingly, but a pang shot through Dick Fowler's heart.

"The wonder to me is," went on George Ford, "that in the general hustling there isn't a complete smash-up of the lot o' them."

Dick Fowler could not bear such levity, nor would he stop to hear another word of it, and hurried away from the men to reach his own stall.

"An' if there's one sect I hate more'n another," shouted George Ford after the retreating Dick, "it's those blessed, prating Methodists."

An hour afterwards Dick Fowler was lying on his side in his narrow stall, his lamp taken from his cap and placed on the ground beside him, for in those parts colliers all work regularly with the naked flame despite the many serious calamities which have occurred in the neighbourhood. Vigorously Dick was plying his pick. His pain at the late conversation had somewhat passed away, and his whole energies were being put forth to his labour. But his mind was unfettered, and kept turning at times to serious thoughts and subjects. For Dick Fowler, collier-lad though he was, was of a decidedly religious and spiritual turn of mind, and his upbringing had so strengthened and fostered all these natural feelings that he had grown into what some people were pleased to call a religious enthusiast. For him to live was Christ, and to die were gain, were sentiments constantly in his heart and on his tongue, while every act and motive of his life were saturated and directed by religious feeling and belief. It was not, therefore, in a tone of questioning so much as of encouragement that old Seth Roberts, the fireman, had asked him had he said his prayers that morning, for Dick Fowler's character was well known to all, and to none better than the fireman himself, who, as an elder in the little Methodist preaching-house, was in some sort of way a spiritual guide to the younger man. Not only had Dick Fowler, solemnly on his knees, poured out his soul to God before leaving his bedroom that morning, but, as was customary with him, he had been praying ever since. On his way to the mine he had sent heavenward a score of short ejaculatory prayers, and with almost every stroke of the pick he had cried unto God. Dick Fowler lived in an atmosphere of prayer, and it seemed native to him.

Look at him a moment as he pauses awhile in his laborious work as if to take a little breathing-time. The perspiration is trickling down his black face in little white channels, but his fatigue does not quench his soul's deep feelings, and soon he bursts out into the singing of some favourite hymn which he is wont sometimes to sing in the Methodist Chapel. Hymn-singing since his very infancy has been Dick Fowler's delight, while light and trifling songs have never

had any charm for him, nor even passed his lips. The hymn he is now singing is a very solemn one, and the very solemnity of it appears to give him peculiar pleasure and satisfaction :

> " A charge to keep I have,
> A God to glorify,
> A never-dying soul to save,
> And fit it for the sky."

Presently he ceased singing and drew a little Testament from his breast-pocket. He opened it at the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and, by the light of his dim lamp, read the opening verses, beginning, " In my Father's house are many mansions." Then he paused awhile as if meditating upon them.

" Precious words," he muttered half-aloud, and closing his eyes in a kind of sweet delirium, while a heavenly expression sat upon his face. " My Father's words ! Oh, if only poor Rake Swinton and George Ford could realize their exceeding preciousness, surely they would be less thoughtless and bitter."

He read a little further—slowly, thoughtfully, closing his eyes after every few verses as if in sweet communion with some unseen presence. His whole being was penetrated through and through with holy joy. To his faithful mind God was actually present with him in the dark mine, and his very stall became to him the audience-chamber of the King of kings, and though no ray of sunshine had ever illumined that subterranean stall, yet Dick Fowler's face was lit up with unwonted sunshine, which surely must have glinted on his upturned face from that invisible and bright world which, though unseen and unknown by too many of earth's denizens, yet surrounds and envelops us continually. Soon the big crystal tears oozed from underneath his closed eyes, and chased each other in white channels down his begrimed face. In a perfect rapture of bliss he fell on his knees and prayed.

" Lord ! save the sinner ! Save Rake Swinton and George Ford ! Touch their hearts with the finger of thy power, and bring them into submission to thee ! Show unto them the error of their ways. Do, Lord ! Their hearts are hard and black with sin, blacker and harder than the coal they are delving in. Oh, soften them and wash them white and clean in thy precious blood, which cleanseth from all sin. From all sin—from all sin—all sin," he repeated several times over in a rapturous tone. Then, the magnitude of the thought taking full possession of him, he cried out aloud, " Lord, wash my heart ! Do away with all sin in me, and make me purely white and spotless. From not only the guilt of sin, but from the power of it ; O God, deliver me !"

With clasped hands and uplifted face, his Testament lying open on the ground before him, and with his eyes still closed and his cheeks wet with glistening tears, he remained awhile rocking himself forwards and backwards on his knees. Then, reverting to the first expression of his prayer, he prayed again—

" O God, save Rake Swinton and George Ford from their sins. Show mercy and forgiveness—"

At that moment he was suddenly disturbed by a hand placed on his shoulder, and a voice saying in his ear :

" Dick, lad, is that the way ye mind yer work ?"

With a half-guilty feeling the startled Dick sprang to his feet and confronted his accuser.

" You, Rake Swinton," he exclaimed, " an' you, George Ford."

" Is that the way ye 'tend yer work ?" sarcastically reiterated Rake Swinton ; " that's what yer

religion does for yer, is't ?—makes you neglect your work and cheat your employers, eh ? You get yer wages for cutting coal, and ye waste yer time in prayin' an' shoutin'."

"I'm drivin' a heading," answered Dick, "an' the loss is all mine own if there be any."

"The loss is yer master's more'n yours," sneeringly replied Rake Swinton. "What's your paltry loss of a few shillings for waste time compared with Messrs. Coity Brothers ? And besides, you've never consulted them as to whether they are willing to bear the loss whilst you are goin' off into hysterics in yer stall. If that's yer religion, may I be everlastingly saved from it, is all I can say, for it's nothing but a system of rottenness and dry bones."

"Apt words taken from the Bible," retorted Dick readily, "and in spite of yerself you see you can't properly express your thoughts without the aid of the old book you feign so much to despise. Ah! Rake Swinton, Sabbath-school lessons—"

"Shut up !" angrily cried Rake.

"What was ye hollerin' for so just now ?" queried George Ford.

"Hollerin' ?"

"Yes, you was makin' the whole place hideous with yer screamin'. We thought there had been a fall of summat or other, an' that you was well-nigh kilt."

"I was communin' with God," said Dick.

"An' d'ye think that He's so deaf that there's call for all this bellowin' like a mad bull ?" asked George Ford. "If there be any God at all, and if He's omnipresent, as yer folks says He is, why, then, He can hear you just as well if ye just whisper to Him. Your religion, Dick Fowler, would never suit me; it's a deal too noisy, and that isn't even respectable. When I get religion, if ever I'm fool enough to do so, it must be of a quieter sort than your'n."

He had scarcely uttered the words when a most unaccountable thing happened—a thing unaccountable, but unfortunately of too frequent occurrence in underground works where men toil all day long in imminent peril of their lives. Suddenly, mysteriously, all unsuspectingly to the three men debating together, a huge stone, square-set and clear-cut as if fresh from the hands of the mason, and weighing in all probability several hundredweights, came crashing down from the roof upon the helpless form of George Ford. It was a most singular affair, but the strangest part of it was the marvellous escape of the unfortunate man's companions. They had all been standing within a few feet of each other, and to all human thinking should all equally have suffered, but straight as a die the huge mass came crashing heavily down upon the one, leaving the other two scatheless and unhurt.

For a moment the two men were dazed and speechless. Struck powerless, they stood gazing at each other in blank despair. But thought was busy, and in that moment each passed through a great crisis in life's history, from which they emerged men of sternly fixed purposes and ideas. In what respect this narrative must show.

All was now commotion. Quickly the word was passed through the mine that a fearful catastrophe had taken place, and soon all the miners gathered towards Dick Fowler's stall. Work was suspended, and all eagerly pressed forward to do something to extricate the injured man. It was the work of about half an hour, and then the mangled form of George Ford, laid tenderly upon one of the small coal-waggons, with thick brattice-cloths beneath him, was borne to the bottom of the shaft.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIREMAN'S DAUGHTER.

The news of the accident soon spread from the pit's mouth throughout the little town, and crowds of people gathered in the streets to see the slow and mournful procession go by. On every doorstep little groups of people stood all sympathetic and sad-looking, while the children clung to their mothers' aprons in absolute awe.

It speedily became known that the circumstances connected with the accident were of a somewhat mysterious character, and the greatest eagerness was manifested to learn the facts. Of course, young Dick Fowler was the centre of interest, and as he passed along dozens of people questioned him as to the truth of the rumours, until it was soon a matter of general gossip that the lamentable affair had occurred while a heated discussion upon religious topics had been going on between Dick, Rake Swinton, and the injured man, and not without bitterness and scorn on the part of the latter.

"A judgment of heaven!" was the general verdict, the same which Dick Fowler had pronounced after the first shock of the accident, and deep gloom settled upon the little town.

"George Ford was always a flippant young fellow," said one good woman, with just a trace of disdain in her tone, "an' sin' he 'as tooken up wi' Rake Swinton he's growed a hundred times worse."

"It's him as ought to 'ave 'ad it," said another, meaning Rake Swinton, whose character was notorious.

"We mustn't question the dealin's of God," solemnly remarked a grave man standing near; "we must never o'erlook that fact that the Almighty controls everything, and that what we sometimes call accidents are merciful dispensations of an All-wise Providence."

"Nonsense, Hugh Carter," hotly replied Jehu Morris, who with Hugh was a member of the little Methodist chapel, but a much younger man, imbued with modern thought, or what is more euphemistically called, the higher criticism. "God had no more to do with it than I had. It was simply and purely an accident due to physical causes, and it was the merest coincidence that the discussion upon religious questions was then going on."

Grave Hugh Carter shook his head, and bestowed upon Jehu Morris a look that spoke volumes for his opinion of the degraded spiritual condition of the other.

"To me," retorted Jehu, with irritation, "it appears that if you say God is responsible for this or that calamity, you might as justly blame Him for all the accidents that ever happened. Was the good God responsible for the Abercarn explosion which entombed 260 men, some of whose bodies are still lying there unrecoverable? That's a fearful way of looking at things. But I'll never believe God is so 'vengeful as some men make out."

"There's summat in what Jehu says," remarked several.

"Summat," said Hugh Carter with emphasis, "but not overmuch. This affair of to-day be a clear case of judgment, as all we now know about goes to prove. Besides, physical phenomena be all under God's control, and we all knows as how God often employs the forces of Nature to do His biddings. Who, therefore, is to hinder the Almighty if He chooses to punish the sinner by timing the moment of an accident to suit the purposes of His retributions?"

How far this argument might have been carried on it would

have been difficult to guess if the returning knots of colliers from the procession had not just then put a stop to it. Rake Swinton was amongst the foremost of them, and was evidently giving his version of the tragic affair, for he was gesticulating wildly. He was plainly angry beyond degree—why, no one at first glance seemed to know, but somehow or other he managed to throw all the blame of the accident upon Dick Fowler. The inconsistency of his censures doubtless did not strike him, though only a very short time had elapsed since he had stoutly preached the irresponsibility of all men for things wholly under physical control ; but now that this thing had come home to him, he laboured to find a cause. And though he had but an hour before loudly professed his disbelief in a God, now a sort of revengeful feeling towards that very God betrayed itself in both his manner and his words.

After a little while the town quieted down again. Even accidents, terrible and startling as they are, only temporarily derange the ordinary routine of life, and in many districts, where scarcely a week passes without some poor fellow being carried past the doors maimed or lifeless, the people seem to grow accustomed to the sight, and to dismiss the harrowing scenes more quickly from their minds than ordinary folk.

Strange that we can so soon turn from the sad to the practical. So it was now. The procession past, the first shock over, the people turned again to the day's duties. In the evening the usual weekly open-air service of the Methodists was held in the "glen," the hills rising all around the worshippers like a vast amphitheatre. Dick Fowler was at the meeting, white and pallid from the morning's shock, but filled with a strange, overwhelming sense of thankfulness to God for his spared life and unmaimed body. The autumnal sun was hastening westwards as the simple worshippers gathered together from all parts of the little town, and soon quite three hundred devout but silent people stood together in a dense semicircular mass, waiting the opening of the service.

Seth Roberts, the fireman, was the preacher. He was one of the recognized lay-preachers of the circuit in which Trethyn parish was situated, and was one of the most popular and acceptable preachers in the locality. A man of little learning or culture, he nevertheless possessed a remarkable physique and voice, which, added to native ability and unwonted fire in the delivery of his discourses, made him a power in the town.

At the appointed hour Seth Roberts opened the service. Standing upon a grassy mound, in a clear, sonorous voice he announced the hymn to be sung. A young girl—tall, slim, and possessing remarkable grace and beauty—stepped up near the preacher, and, in a voice of richest melody, led off the singing. She was the fireman's only daughter, but no one would have suspected it from her appearance. She was comely and beautiful : he rugged and plain. A glance, however, might have easily convinced a stranger that, though her father evidenced no culture or grace, she unconsciously displayed both in her gesture and manner. The fact was she was the schoolmistress of the Board school in the parish, and her training had drawn out and developed all her natural graces and abilities in a remarkable degree, while her various accomplishments and attainments heightened the effects of her natural disposition and stamped her with a certain superiority.

The singing was with much fer-

vour, and by the time the last verse was reached the congregation was worked up to so high a pitch of enthusiasm that the two last lines of the verse were sung over and over again, in a kind of exultant refrain and in a delirium of holy joy. Then came the prayer. To some ears it might have sounded strange and irreverent even, but it nevertheless was the heartfelt expression of the suppliant, who appeared to possess the rare ability of interpreting the wants and needs of his audience, judging from the oft-repeated, deep "Amen" which continually broke out from the rapt worshippers. After the prayer followed the sermon—a sermon preached entirely in English, though Trethyn was essentially Welsh, and the people the same. After the service Rhoda Roberts, the pretty precentor, walked homeward with young Dick Fowler. Lingering behind the other people, they were soon walking alone, while the general body of worshippers went quickly on before them. The circumstance was nothing unusual, and therefore Seth Roberts did not stay to escort his daughter. For some time the two young people walked together in silence. But after an interval Rhoda spoke.

"What do you think of George Ford's condition?" she asked. "Is he likely to get better?"

"Yes," replied Dick; "the doctors say so, though the poor fellow has had a smartish blow. His head is frightfully fractured, and his shoulder-bone is broken, they say. But he has a strong constitution, and, with care, will probably pull through."

"If he does get better," said Rhoda solemnly, "I hope that this terrible judgment will be a warning to him, and that he may turn from his evil ways unto the Lord."

"And that he may join the people of God," said Dick.

"And that he may join the people of God," responded Rhoda in the same solemn voice.

"Indeed I hope so," thoughtfully mused Dick, "though I'm afeared it'll be many a long day afore he's able to get about again."

"I'm very sorry for him," said Rhoda. "But we mustn't stand aloof from him. We must make it our business to visit him and pray with him. Perhaps his accident, if that is a right term to apply to it, may be for his eternal good, and for the glory of God."

Her companion gently concurred in these remarks, and then the two walked slowly on again in silence, each in a contemplative mood, but filled with widely different thoughts. She was thinking of the poor sinner, George Ford, and of how she might best be of service to him; he was thinking of her, of her beauty, of her goodness, of the love he bore her, and stealing sidelong glances at her as they went along.

Dick was the first to break the silence.

"Did you notice the squire's son at the preaching?"

"No; was he there?"

"He was," replied Dick in a hard, harsh voice, and then fell into deep silence again.

"I hope the message reached his heart," said Rhoda presently, with much feeling.

Another long time of silence, and then Dick said:

"As I judge, the only thing which affected him was your own sweet self."

Rhoda gave a little start, and if the gathering gloom had not hidden it, her companion might have seen the deep crimson suffuse her face.

"He seemed to have eyes for nothing but you," went on Dick, with an evident touch of bitterness in his tone.

"Do you know," said Rhoda, evading the subject, "that he has

lately promised to negotiate the sale of that piece of land for the chapel ?"

"Who ?" interrogated Dick, hoarsely.

Rhoda faced him, and, in the turning, instinctively felt that her companion was labouring under the influence of some strong excitement.

"Why, young Mr. Trethyn—Squire Trethyn's son," she answered in surprise.

There was another long silence, and another awkward pause in the conversation.

"Don't you think that is very good of him ?" she inquired presently.

"Yes," replied her companion hesitatingly, "if he means it."

"Oh, he does mean it," said Rhoda, with energy, "and if he succeeds, and heals the long-standing sore between our chapel-people and the Squire, we'll have good cause to be very thankful to him."

"If he can," answered Dick, with emphasis and bitterness. "Rhoda, how can he ? Haven't we been told over and over again that the land is entailed, and that the entail can't be broken ?"

"I don't know that we have been told it," replied Rhoda, "in so many words, but we have been led to believe so. Squire Trethyn, you know, has never been asked the question."

"No need to ask what is so well known," said Dick; "besides, hasn't Stephen Grainger, the squire's agent, often told us so ?"

"But can his word be trusted ?" queried Rhoda.

Dick did not answer. Stephen Grainger's untruthfulness was proverbial, and many of the squire's tenants knew it to their cost.

"Many of our good people already doubt his word," said Rhoda, "and so it's just as well that young Mr. Trethyn should take up our cause."

Dick Fowler shook his head sceptically.

"Even were the land not entailed," he said, "the Squire would not sell it to our people."

"Why?" gently persisted Rhoda.

"Because," he answered, "we are Dissenters, and therefore any old barn will have to satisfy us. It has been so for generations, and the old prejudice against us is still alive. No, Rhoda, young Mr. Trethyn can't help us, even were he so disposed, which I very much doubt."

"Dick !" cried Rhoda reproachfully.

"I can't help my doubts," he replied, "an' I'm afraid Mr. Edward Trethyn's purpose in all he says and offers is different from what you suspect."

"I have no suspicions," she answered purely, "and I am satisfied that the promise to assist our people has been made unselfishly."

"Oh, Rhoda !" cried Dick, after a breathless pause, "do you not see through it ? Do you not see he is trying to separate us ?"

There was an agony in his tone which went straight home to Rhoda's heart.

Involuntarily she placed her hand on his arm.

"Separate us ?" she reiterated. "Dick, what do you mean ?"

"That he is trying to come between you and me," he answered feelingly ; "in fact, that he loves you."

His words were a relief to her.

"Nonsense, Dick," she said ; "that's absurd. I thought you meant something much more serious."

"To me," replied poor Dick, "it is tremendously serious."

"Come," she said coaxingly, at the same time slipping her arm through his, "don't be jealous ! How could you think such a thing ? Look at the contrast in Edward Trethyn's status and mine!

I'm only a miner's daughter, and he the squire's heir and son."

"Yes, but squires' sons will pick up diamonds anywhere," responded Dick, "and who's to blame them?"

"Black diamonds," laughed Rhoda mischievously. "But, seriously, Dick, I'm astonished at you. Just think of the vast difference in every way between Edward Trethyn and me—birth, position, upbringing, everything. The young squire could never have the remotest idea of making love to me."

"The contrast is wholly in your own eyes," said Dick moodily. "No one else observes it, and you depreciate yourself in vain. Everyone who knows you at all, knows that you are fit to queen it over any gentleman's household."

"Oh, you silly, silly boy," she said pityingly, and then fell into her habitual reserve. Presently she spoke again, this time seriously and measuredly. "Dick," she said, "you really must dismiss all this from your mind. It is nothing more than sinful jealousy. I'm convinced you've no ground for it. Indeed, it seems almost unpardonable in me to be listening to your accusations of the man who is so pledged to do all he can to assist our church and people. Besides, your charge savours of doubt in me. What have I done? And can't you trust me? Fie, Dick." Then, in a voice of questioning wonderment rather than of explicit avowal, "We don't know what the future has in store for us, or what circumstances may change and alter the whole trend of our purposes and thoughts; but be assured of this, Dick, dear Dick, that I shall always love you—always love you."

Though clinging lovingly to his arm she was not addressing these words to him, but to the image of him as he appeared in her mind, and her thoughts were more in the past than the present—the past of happy memory, when as children they played innocently together in the meadows and fields. Even as she spoke a strange misgiving fell upon her, which caused an inward shrinking from she did not know what. Was it an intuition of the fate before her?—the shadow of the unknown future flung across her path. But her companion was satisfied. He knew nothing of her dark forebodings, and her words, though somewhat of rebuke, filled his mind and heart with calm.

By this time they had reached the stile at the foot of the mountain, and the lingering twilight had faded into darkness.

"Rhoda," said Dick, as they paused by the stile, "I do trust you. You must forgive the wrong I did you just now. I should never have doubted you."

She did not reply, but stood folded in his gentle embrace—happy, thankful, and satisfied. They were quite alone; no one was near, and stillness reigned round them.

"Before we part," said Dick, "shall we ask God's blessing upon our vows?"

"Yes," she answered, and there by the lonely stile, her little hand now lovingly clasped in his, his head bared and his voice quivering with deep emotion—there, under the black sky, but with God's all-seeing eye surveying them—there, in the deep silences of the great mountains, the collier-lad, Dick Fowler, invoked the blessing of the Eternal upon his heart's love and himself.

Then came the sweet "Good-night" and departure of each for their own home.

And was that all? No; in one of their hearts, at least, a great longing had been satisfied, a deep, undying love had been sealed—but to what end?

THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILLIP STRONG.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER V.

When Phillip reached the residence of Mr. Winter, he found himself at once in the midst of a mob of howling, angry men, who surged over the lawn and trampled the light snow that was falling into a muddy mass over the walks and up the veranda steps. A large electric lamp out in the street in front of the house threw a light over the strange scene.

Phillip wedged his way in among the men, crying out his name, and asking for room to be made so that he could see Mr. Winter. The crowd, under the impulse which sometimes moves excited bodies of men, yielded to his request. There were cries of, "Let him have a minister if he wants one!" "Room here for the priest!" "Give the preacher a chance to do some praying where it's needed mighty bad," and so on. Phillip found a way opened for him as he struggled toward the house, and he hurried forward fearing some great trouble, but hardly prepared for what he saw when he reached the steps of the veranda.

Half a dozen men had the mill-owner in their grasp, having evidently just dragged him out of his dining-room. His coat was half torn off, as if there had been a struggle. Marks of bloody fingers stained his collar. His face was white, and his eyes filled with the fear of death. Within, upon the floor, lay his wife, who had fainted. A son and a daughter, his two grown-up children, clung terrified to one of the servants, who kneeled half fainting herself by the side of the mill-owner's wife. A table overturned and fragments of a late dinner scattered over the floor, a broken plate, the print of a muddy foot on the white tiling before the open fire,—the whole picture flashed upon Phillip like a scene out of the French Revolution, and he almost rubbed his eyes to know if he was awake and in America in the nineteenth century. He was intensely practical, however, and the nature of his duty never for a moment escaped him. He at once advanced and said calmly:

"What does all this mean? Why this attack on Mr. Winter?"

The moment Mr. Winter saw Phillip and heard his voice he cried out, tremblingly: "Is that you, Mr. Strong? Thank God! Save me! Save me! They are going to kill me!"

"Who talks of killing, or taking human life contrary to law!" exclaimed Phillip, coming up close and placing his hand on Mr. Winter's arm. "Men, what are you doing?"

For a moment the crowd fell back a little from the mill-owner, and one of the men who had been foremost in the attack replied with some respect, although in a sullen manner, "Mr. Strong, this is not a case for your interference. This man has caused the death of one of his employees and he deserves hanging."

"And hanging he will get!" yelled another. A great cry arose. In the midst of it all Mr. Winter shrieked out his innocence. "It is all a mistake! They do not know! Mr. Strong, tell them they do not know!"

The crowd closed around Mr. Winter again. Phillip knew enough about men to know that

the mill-owner was in genuine danger. Most of his assailants were the foreign element in the mills. Many of them were under the influence of liquor. The situation was critical. Mr. Winter clung to Phillip with the frantic clutch of a man who sees only one way of escape, and clings to that with mad eagerness. Phillip turned around and faced the mob. He raised his voice, hoping to gain a hearing and reason with it. But he might as well have raised his voice against a tornado. Some one threw a handful of mud and snow toward the prisoner. In an instant every hand reached for the nearest missile, and a shower of stones, muddy snow-balls, and limbs torn from the trees on the lawn, was rained upon the house. Most of the windows in the lower story were broken. All this time Phillip was eagerly remonstrating with the few men who had their hands on the mill-owner. He thought if he could only plead with them to let Mr. Winter go he could slip with him around the end of the veranda through a side door and take him through the house to a place of safety. He also knew that every minute was precious, as the police might arrive at any moment and change the situation.

But in spite of his pleas the mill-owner was gradually pushed and dragged down off the veranda toward the gate. The men tried to get Phillip out of the way.

"We don't want to harm you, sir. Better get out of danger," said the same man who had spoken before.

Phillip for answer threw one arm about Mr. Winter, saying, "If you kill him, you will kill me with him. You shall never do this great sin against an innocent man. In the name of God I call on every soul here to—"

But his words were drowned in the noise that followed. The mob was insane with fury. Twice Mr. Winter was dragged off his feet by those down on the walk. Twice Phillip raised him to his feet, feeling sure that if the crowd once threw him down they would trample him to death. Once some one threw a rope over the wretched man's head. Phillip snatched it off again. Both he and Mr. Winter were struck again and again. Their clothes were torn into tatters. Mr. Winter was faint and reeling. Only his great terror made his clutch on Phillip like that of a drowning man.

At last the crowd had dragged the two outside the gate into the street. Here they paused awhile and Phillip again spoke to the mob:

"Men, made in God's image, listen to me! Do not take innocent life. If you kill him, you kill me also. For I will never leave his side alive, and I will not permit such murder if I can prevent it."

"Kill them both,—the mean coward and the priest!" yelled a voice. "They both belong to the same church."

"Yes, hang 'em! hang 'em both!" A tempest of cries went up. Phillip towered up like a giant. In the light of the street lamp he looked out over the great sea of passionate, brutal faces crazed with drink and riot, and a great wave of compassionate feeling swept over him. It was Christlike in its yearning love for lost children. His lips moved in prayer.

And just then the outer circle of the crowd seemed agitated. It had surged up nearer the light with the evident intention of hanging the mill-owner on one of the cross pieces of a telegraph pole near by. The rope had again been thrown over his head. Phillip stood with one arm about Mr. Winter, and with the other hand stretched out

in entreaty, when he heard a pistol-shot, then another. The entire police department had been summoned, and had now arrived. There was a skirmishing rattle of shots. But the crowd began to scatter in the neighbourhood of the police force. Then those nearer Phillip began to run as best they could away from the officers. Phillip and the mill-owner were dragged along with the rest in the growing confusion, until, watching his opportunity, Phillip pulled Mr. Winter behind one of the large poles by which the lights of the street were suspended.

Here, sheltered, but struck by many a blow, Phillip managed to shield with his own body the man who only a little while before had come into his own house and called him a liar and threatened to withdraw his church support, because of the preaching of Christ's principles.

When finally the officers reached the two men Mr. Winter was nearly dead from the fright. Phillip was badly bruised, but not seriously, and he helped Mr. Winter back to the house. A few of the police remained on guard the rest of the night. It was while recovering from the effects of the night's attack that Phillip little by little learned of the facts that led up to the assault.

There had been a growing feeling of discontent in all the mills, and it had finally taken shape in the Ocean Mill, which was largely owned and controlled by Mr. Winter. The discontent arose from a new scale of wages submitted by the company. It was not satisfactory to the men, and the afternoon of that evening on which Phillip had gone down to the hall, a committee of the mill men had gone away without getting any satisfaction. They could not agree on the proposition made by the company and by their own labour organization. Later in the day, one of the committee, under instructions, went to see Mr. Winter alone, and came away from the interview very much excited and angry. He spent the first part of the evening in a saloon, where he related a part of his interview with the mill-owner, and said that he had finally kicked him out of the office. Still later in the evening he told several of the men that he was going to see Mr. Winter again, knowing that on certain evenings he was in the habit of staying down at the mill office until nearly half-past nine for special business. The mills were undergoing repairs, and Mr. Winter was away from home more than usual.

That was the last that any one saw of the man until, about ten o'clock, some one going home past the mill office heard a man groaning at the foot of a new excavation at the end of the building, and climbing down discovered the man who had been to see Mr. Winter twice that afternoon. He had a terrible gash in his head and lived only a few minutes after he was discovered. To the half-dozen men who stood over him in the saloon near by, where he had been carried, he had murmured the name of "Mr Winter," and had then expired.

A very little enrages men already heated with rum and hatred. The rumour spread like lightning that the wealthy mill-owner had killed one of the employees who had gone to see him peaceably to arrange matters for the men. He had thrown him out of the office into one of the new mill excavations and left him there to die like a dog in a ditch. So the story ran all through the tenement district, and in an incredibly short time the worst elements in Milton were surging toward the mill-owner's

house with murder in their hearts, and the means of accomplishing it in their hands.

Mr. Winter had finished his work at the office and gone home to sit down to a late lunch, as his custom was, when he was interrupted by the mob. The rest of the incident is connected with what has been told. The crowd seized him with little ceremony, and it was only Phillip's timely arrival and his occupying the interval until the police arrived that prevented a lynching in Milton that night. As it was, Mr. Winter received a scare from which it took a long time to recover. He dreaded to go out alone at night. He kept on guard a special watchman, and lived in more or less terror even then. It was satisfactorily proved in a few days that the man who had gone to see Mr. Winter had never reached the office door. But coming around the corner of the building where the new work was being done, he had fallen off the stone-work, striking on a rock in such a way as to produce a fatal wound. This tempered the feeling of the workmen toward Mr. Winter; but unrest and discontent had seized on every man employed in the mills, and as the winter drew on, affairs reached a crisis.

The difference between the mills and the men over the scale of wages could not be settled. The men began to talk about a strike. Phillip heard of it, and at once, with his usual frankness and boldness, spoke with downright plainness to the men. That was at the little hall a week after the attempt on Mr. Winter's life. Phillip's part in that night's event had added to his reputation and his popularity with the men. They admired his courage and his grit. Most of them were ashamed of the whole affair, especially after they had sobered down and it had been proved that Mr. Winter had not touched the man. So Phillip was welcomed with applause as he came out on the little platform and looked over the crowded room, seeing many faces there that had glared at him in the mob a week before. And yet his heart told him he loved these men, and his reason told him it was the sinner and the unconverted that God loved. It was a terrible responsibility to have such men count him popular, and he prayed that wisdom might be given him in the approaching crisis, especially as he seemed to have some real influence.

He had not spoken ten words when some one cried, "Come outside! Big crowd out here want to get in." It was moonlight and not very cold, so every one moved out of the hall, and Phillip mounted the steps of a storehouse near by and spoke to a crowd that filled up the street in front and for a long distance right and left. His speech was very brief, but it was fortified with telling figures, and at the close he stood and answered a perfect torrent of questions. His main counsel was against a strike in the present situation. He had made himself familiar with the facts on both sides. Strikes, he argued, except in very rare cases, were demoralizing,—an unhealthy, disastrous method of getting justice done.

"Why, just look at that strike in Preston, England, among the cotton spinners. There were only 660 operatives, but that strike before it ended threw out of employment over 7,800 weavers and other workmen who had nothing whatever to do with the quarrel of the 660 men. In the recent strike in the cotton trade in Lancashire, at the end of the first twelve weeks the operatives had lost in wages alone $4,500,000. Four strikes that occurred in England between

1870 and 1880 involved a loss in wages of more than $25,000,000. In 2,200 strikes investigated lately by the National Bureau of Labour, it is estimated that the employees lost about $51,800,000, while the employers lost only $30,700,000. Out of 351 strikes in England between 1870 and 1880, 191 were lost by the strikers, 71 were gained, and 91 compromised ; but in the strikes that were successful, it took several years to regain in wages the amount lost by the enforced idleness of the men."

There were enough hard-thinking sensible men in Phillip's audience that night to see the force of his argument. The majority, however, were in favour of a general strike to gain their point in regard to the scale of wages. When Phillip went home he carried with him the conviction that a general strike in the mills was pending. In spite of the fact that it was the worst possible season of the year for such action, and in spite of the fact that the difference demanded by the men was a trifle compared with their loss of wages the very first day of idleness, there was a determination among the leaders that the fifteen thousand men in the mills should all go out in the course of a few days if the demands of the men in the Ocean Mill were not granted.

What was the surprise of every one in Milton, therefore, the very next day, when it was announced that every mill in the great system had shut down, and not a man of the fifteen thousand labourers who marched to the buildings in the early gray of the winter morning found entrance. Statements were posted up on the doors that the mills were shut down until further notice. The mill-owners had stolen a march on the employees, and the big strike was on; but it had been started by Capital, not by Labour, and Labour went to its tenement or congregated in the saloon, sullen and gloomy; and, as days went by and the mills showed no signs of opening, the great army of the unemployed walked the streets of Milton in growing discontent and fast accumulating debt and poverty.

Meanwhile the trial of the man arrested for shooting Phillip came on, and Phillip and his wife both appeared as witnesses in the case. The man was convicted, and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. It has nothing special to do with the history of Phillip Strong, but may be of interest to the reader to know that in two years' time he was pardoned out and returned to Milton to open his old saloon, where he actually told more than once the story of his attempt on the preacher's life.

There came on also during those stormy times in Milton the trial of several of the men arrested for the assault on Mr. Winter. Phillip was also summoned as a witness in these cases. As always, he frankly testified to what he knew and saw. Several of the accused were convicted, and sentenced to short terms. But the mill-owner, probably fearful of revenge on the part of the men, did not push the matter, and most of the cases went by default for lack of prosecution.

Mr. Winter's manner toward Phillip underwent a change after that memorable evening when the minister stood by him at the peril of his own life. There was a feeling of genuine respect mingled with fear in the mill-owner's deportment toward Phillip. To say that they were warm friends would be saying too much. Men as widely different as the minister and the wealthy mill-man do not come together on that sacred ground of friendship, even where one is indebted to the other for his life. A man may save another from hanging and still be unable to save him

from selfishness. And the mill-owner went his way and Phillip went his, on a different basis so far as common greeting went, but no nearer in that oneness of aim in life which makes heart-to-heart communion possible. For the time being, Mr. Winter's hostility was submerged under his indebtedness to Phillip. He returned to his own place in the church and contributed to the financial support.

One day at the close of a month, Phillip came into the cosy parsonage, and, instead of going right up to his study as his habit was when his outside work was done for the day, he threw himself down on a couch by the open fire. His wife was at work in the other room, but she came in, and, seeing Phillip lying there, inquired what was the matter.

"Nothing, Sarah, with me. Only I'm sick at heart with the sight and knowledge of all this wicked town's sin and misery."

"Do you have to carry it all on your shoulders, Phillip?"

"Yes," replied Phillip, almost fiercely. It was not that either. Only, his reply was like a great sob of conviction that he must bear something of the town's burden. He could not help it.

Mrs. Strong did not say anything for a moment. Then,—

"Don't you think you take it too seriously, Phillip?"

"What?"

"Other people's wrong-doing. You are not responsible."

"Am I not? I am my brother's keeper. What quantity of guilt may I not carry into the eternal kingdom if I do not do what I can to save him! Oh, how can men be so selfish? Yet I am only one person. I cannot prevent all this suffering alone."

"Of course you can't, Phillip. You wrong yourself to take yourself to task so severely for the sins of others. But what has stirred you up so at this time?" Mrs. Strong understood Phillip well enough to know that some particular case had roused his feeling. He seldom yielded to such despondency without some immediate practical reason.

Phillip sat up on the couch and clasped his hands over his knee with the eager earnestness that characterized him when he was roused.

"Sarah, this town slumbers on the smoking crest of a volcano. There are more than fifteen thousand people here in Milton out of work. A great many of them are honest, temperate people who have saved up a little. But it is nearly gone. The mills are shut down, and, on the authority of men who ought to know, shut down for all winter. The same condition of affairs is true in a greater or less degree in the entire State and throughout the country and even the world. People are suffering to-day in this town for food and clothing and fuel through no fault of their own. The same thing is true of thousands and even hundreds of thousands all over the world. It is an age that calls for heroes, martyrs, servants, saviours. And right here in this town, where distress walks the streets and actual want already has its clutch on many a poor wretch, society goes on giving its expensive parties and living in its little round of selfish pleasure just as if the volcano were a downy little bed of roses for it to go to sleep on whenever it wearies of the pleasure and wishes to retire to happy dreams. Oh, but the bubble will burst one of these days, and then—"

Phillip swept his hand upward with a fine gesture, and sunk back upon the couch, groaning.

"Don't you exaggerate?" The minister's wife put the question gently.

"Not a bit! Not a bit! All true. I am not one of the French Revolution fellows, always lugging in blood and destruction, and prophesying calamity to the nation and the world if it doesn't gee and haw the way I tell it to. But I tell you, Sarah, it takes no prophet to see that a man who is hungry and out of work is a dangerous man to have around. And it takes no very extraordinary-sized heart to throb a little with righteous wrath when in such times as these people go right on with their useless luxuries of living, and spend as much in a single evening's entertainment as would provide a comfortable living for a whole month to some deserving family."

"How do you know they do?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I've figured it out. I will leave it to any one of good judgment that any one of these projected parties mentioned here in the evening paper," Phillip smoothed the paper out on the head of the couch,—"any one of them will cost in the neighbourhood of one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars. Look here! Here's the Goldens' party—members of Calvary Church. They will spend at least twenty-five or thirty dollars for flowers; and refreshments will cost fifty more; and music another twenty-five; and incidentals twenty-five extra,—and so on. Is that right, Sarah, in these times, and as people ought to live now?"

"But some one gets the benefit of all this money spent. Surely that is help to some of the working-people."

"Yes, but how many people are helped by such expenditures? Only a select few, and they are the very ones who are least in need of it. I say the Christian people and members of churches have no right, under the conditions that face us as a town and a nation and a world, I say they have no right to indulge their selfish pleasures to this extent in these ways. I know that Christ would not approve of it."

"You think he would not, Phillip."

"No, I know he would not. There is not a particle of doubt in my mind about it. What right has a disciple of Jesus Christ to spend for the gratification of his physical or æsthetic pleasures money which ought to be feeding the hungry bodies of men or providing some useful necessary labour for their activity?—I mean of course those pleasures that a man can live without. In this age of the world society ought to dispense with some of its accustomed pleasures and deny itself for the sake of the great suffering, needy world. Instead of that, the members of the very Church of Christ on earth spend more in a single evening's entertainment for people who don't need it than they give to the salvation of men in a whole year. I protest out of the soul God gave me against such wicked selfishness. And I will protest though society spurn me from it as a bigot, a puritan, and a boor. For society in Christian America is not Christian in this matter,—no, not after the Christianity of Christ!"

"What can you do about it, Phillip?" His wife asked the question sadly. She had grown old fast since coming to Milton. And a presentiment of evil would, in spite of her naturally cheery disposition, cling to her whenever she considered Phillip and his work.

"I can preach on it, and I will."

"Be wise, Phillip. You tread on difficult ground when you enter society's realm."

"Well, dear, I will be as wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove, although I must confess I

never knew just exactly how much that verse meant. But preach on it I must and will."

And when the first Sunday of the month came, Phillip did preach on it, to the dismay of several members of his church who were in the habit of giving entertainments and card-parties on a somewhat elaborate scale.

He had never preached on the subject of amusements, and he stated that he wished it to be plainly understood that he was not preaching on the subject now. It was a question which went deeper than that, and took hold of the very first principles of social science. A single passage in the sermon will show the drift of it all.

"We have reached a time in the history of the world when it is the Christian duty of every man who calls himself a disciple of the Master to live on a simpler, less extravagant basis. The world has been living beyond its means. Modern civilization has been exorbitant in its demands. And every dollar foolishly spent to-day means suffering for some one who ought to be relieved by that money wisely expended. An entertainment given by people of means to other people of means in these hard times, in which money is lavished on flowers, delicacies, and dress, is in my opinion an act of which Christ could not approve. I do not mean to say that he would object to the pleasure which flowers, delicacies, and dress will give. But He would say that it is an unnecessary enjoyment and expense at this particular crisis through which we are passing. He would say that money and time should be given where people more in need of them might have the benefit. He would say that when a town is in the situation of ours to-day it is not a time for the selfish use of any material blessing.

"Unless I mistake the spirit of the modern Christ, if He were here to-day He would preach to the whole world the necessity of a far simpler, less expensive style of living, and, above all, actual self-denial on the part of society for the brotherhood of man. What is society doing now? What sacrifices is it making? When it gives a charity ball, does it not spend twice as much in getting up the entertainment to please itself as it makes for the poor in whose behalf the ball is given? Do you think I am severe? Ask yourself, O member of Calvary Church, what has been the extent of your sacrifice for the world this year before you condemn me for being too strict or particular. It is because we live in such times that the law of service presses upon us with greater insistence than ever. And now more than during any of the ages gone, Christ's words ring in our ears with twenty centuries of reverberation, 'Whosoever will not deny himself and take up his cross, he cannot be my disciple.'"

Of all the sermons on Christ and Modern Society which Phillip had thus far preached, none had hit so hard or been applied so personally as this. The Goldens went home from the service in a towering rage. "That settles Calvary Church for me," said Mrs. Golden, as she flung herself out of the building after the service was over. "I consider that the most insulting sermon I ever heard from any minister. It is simply outlandish; and how the church can endure such preaching much longer is a wonder to me. I don't go near it again while Mr. Strong is the minister!" Phillip did not know it yet, but he was destined to find out that society carries a tremendous power in its use of the word "outlandish," applied either to persons or things.

When the evening service was over, Phillip, as his habit was, lay

down on the couch in front of the open fire until the day's excitement had subsided a little. It was almost the only evening in the week when he gave himself up to complete rest of mind and body.

He had been lying there about a quarter of an hour when Mrs. Strong, who had been moving the plants back from one of the front windows and had been obliged to raise a curtain, stepped back into the room with an exclamation.

"Phillip! There is some one walking back and forth in front of the house! I have heard the steps ever since we came home. And just now I saw a man stop and look in here. Who can it be?"

"Maybe it's the man with the burglar's lantern come back to get his knife," said Phillip, who had always made a little fun of that incident as his wife had told it. However, he rose and went over to the window. Sure enough, there was a man out on the sidewalk looking straight at the house. He was standing perfectly still.

Phillip and his wife stood by the window looking at the figure outside, and, as it did not move away, at last Phillip grew a little impatient and went to the door to open it and ask the man what he meant by staring into people's houses in that fashion.

"Now, Phillip, do be careful, won't you?" entreated his wife, anxiously.

"Yes, I presume it is some tramp or other wanting food. There's no danger, I know."

Phillip flung the door wide open and called out in his clear, hearty voice:

"Anything you want, man? Come up and ring the bell if you want to get in and know us, instead of standing there on the walk catching cold and making us wonder who you are."

In response to this frank and informal invitation the figure came forward, and slowly mounted the steps of the porch. As the face came into view more clearly, Phillip started and fell back a little.

It was not because the face was that of an enemy, or because it was repulsive, or because he recognized an old acquaintance. It was a face he had never to his knowledge seen before. Yet the impulse to start back before it seemed to spring from the recollection of just such a countenance moving over his spirit when he was in prayer or in trouble. It all passed in a second's time and then he confronted the man as a complete stranger.

There was nothing remarkable about him. He was poorly dressed and carried a small bundle. He looked cold and tired. Phillip, who never could resist the mute appeal of the distressed in any form, reached out his hand and said kindly, "Come, my brother, you look cold and weary. Come in and sit down before the fire, and we'll have a bit of lunch. I was just beginning to think of having something to eat, myself."

Phillip's wife looked a little remonstrance, but Phillip did not see it, and wheeling an easy chair before the fire, he made the man sit down, and pulling up a rocker he placed himself near it.

The stranger seemed a little surprised at the action of Phillip, but made no resistance. He took off his hat and disclosed a head of hair white as snow, and said, in a voice that sounded singularly sweet and true:

"You do me much honour, sir. The fire feels good this chilly evening, and the food will be very acceptable. And I have no doubt you have a good warm bed that I could occupy for the night."

Phillip stared hard at his unexpected guest, and his wife, who had started out of the room to get the lunch, shook her head vigorously as she stood behind the visitor, as

a sign that Phillip should refuse such a strange request. Phillip was taken aback a little, and he looked puzzled. The words were uttered in the utmost simplicity.

"Why, yes, we can arrange that all right," he said. "There is a spare room, and—excuse me a moment while I go and help to get our lunch." Phillip's wife was telegraphing to him to come into the other room and he obediently got up and went.

"Now, Phillip," whispered his wife, when they were out in the dining-room, "You know that is a risky thing to do. You are all the time inviting all kinds of characters in here. We can't keep this man all night. Who ever heard of such a thing as a perfect stranger coming out with a request like that? I believe the man is crazy. It certainly will not do to let him stay here all night."

Phillip looked puzzled.

"I declare it is strange! He doesn't appear like an ordinary tramp. But somehow I don't think he's crazy. Why shouldn't we let him have the bed in the room off the east parlour. I can light the fire in the stove there and make him comfortable."

"But we don't know who he is. Phillip, you let your sympathies run away with your judgment."

"Well, little woman, let me go in and talk with him a while. You get the lunch, and we'll see about the rest afterward."

So Phillip went back and sat down again. He was hardly seated when his visitor said:

"If your wife objects to my staying here to-night of course I don't wish to. I don't feel comfortable to remain where I'm not welcome."

"Oh, you're perfectly welcome," said Phillip, hastily, with some embarrassment, while his strange visitor went on:

"I'm not crazy, only a little odd, you know. Perfectly harmless. It will be perfectly safe for you to keep me over night."

The man spread his white hands out before the fire, while Phillip sat and watched him with a certain fascination new to his interest in all sorts and conditions of men.

Mrs. Strong brought in a substantial lunch of cold meat, bread and butter, milk and fruit, and at Phillip's request placed it on a table in front of the open fire, where he and his remarkable guest ate like hungry men.

It was after this lunch had been eaten and the table removed that a scene occurred which would be incredible if its reality and truthfulness did not compel us to record it as a part of the life of Phillip Strong. No one will wish to deny the power and significance of this event as it is unfolded in the movement of this story.

AFTERMATH.

Some live their life in spring. Their flying feet
  Speed after Joy, and bind him prisoner fast.
Grief knows them not, their very fears are sweet;
  A tremulous cloud soon overpassed,
They roam at ease in Love's delightful land,
  And sing their songs beneath the rainbowed skies.
For some God keeps his gifts with careful hand,
  And hope turns from them with averted eyes.
They wake and toil through tedious day and night,
  With patient hearts they climb the up-hill path,
Then of a sudden all the world 's alight
  With the rich splendours of the Aftermath.
Life find's its crown; for though the spring be gone,
Fair Ruth still stands amid the golden corn.

—*Christian Burke.*

THE TABLETS OF TEL-EL-AMARNA.

BY REV. G. F. SALTON, PH.B.

II.

The Tel-el-Amarna tablets give us important light on the material of the original documents of the Pentateuch. It has been claimed by some, even within the present decade, that Moses lived before the age of writing—that it would, therefore, have been impossible for him to have written any part of the first five books of the Old Testament. Sceptics, at the beginning of the century, slyly intimated that the law of Moses must, unquestionably, have been written, as stated, by the finger of God, for certainly no one else could claim to wield a pen in that age of absolute ignorance. But here are 320 letters, some of which were written on the plain at the same time that the Ten Commandments were being written on the mount, possibly on the same kind of "stone," in the same language, and with the same cuneiform characters.

Clay, written on while soft and then baked or sun-dried, is probably the oldest writing material in the world for records designed to be kept, and the oldest Hebrew words for "write" meant originally to engrave or cut. Throughout the wilderness sojourn wet clay of some sort was always to be had, and with a skewer to trace the characters (with which Moses, learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, was thoroughly familiar), all the writing materials necessary to record the laws given in the wilderness were at hand.

Can the numerous transitions and lacunæ be better explained than by supposing that portions of the tablets had become marred or chipped off and so lost?

Renan, in his "History of Israel," finished three or four years ago, declares that intellectual culture did not exist in the days of Joshua, and ridicules the idea of writing being an every-day affair in the days of Moses. Let us see what light the tablets throw upon this question. To find that the language and script of Babylonia were the common medium of literary and official intercourse throughout Western Asia before the Exodus was sufficiently startling. It was much more startling to find that this early period was emphatically the "Augustan Age" of the ancient world. Letters passed to and fro along the high-roads upon the most trifling subjects, and a constant correspondence was maintained between the courts of the Pharaohs and the most distant parts of Western Asia. This was the result of that Babylonian supremacy which had swept from the Euphrates to the Mediterranean centuries before the days of Abraham.

Though the vernacular in Palestine was essentially the same as Hebrew, yet the Babylonian language was studied and learned from the banks of the Euphrates to those of the Nile, along with the cuneiform syllabary with which it was associated. This necessitated the existence of schools, for the cuneiform system of writing was very difficult to learn. Unlike the hieroglyphs of Egypt, no assistance was afforded to the memory by any resemblance between the characters and the external objects: the characters were, moreover, very numerous, and expressed more than one phonetic and idiographic value. Such a language could not have been acquired without the help of teachers; and schoolmasters were more common in Egypt even in Abraham's day than in France in the days of Louis XII.

In the days of Moses not only were public schools, boarding schools, seminaries and colleges in existence, but even university training in some respects reached its climax. I venture to state that no university in any other land ever equalled in magnificence that in which Prince Moses was schooled. It is, therefore, a matter of no surprise to find that the letters unearthed at Tel-el-Amarna were written not only by professional scribes, but also by officers and even private soldiers, who betray by their frequent glosses the fact that they are native Canaanites and not Babylonians.

But besides schools there must have been libraries similar to those of Babylonia where the clay tablets and other official archives were stored. The Pharaohs of that period often used papyri and even parchment and sheepskin in their literary efforts, and gathered great libraries of these scrolls, some of which were as beautifully written and superbly illustrated as those of ancient Greece and mediæval Europe. These Tel-el-Amarna tablets reveal the fact that no royal gifts between the kings of Babylonia and Egypt were more acceptable than the latest edition of some rare or popular

book that happened to be making a stir just then in the world of letters. What a pity that Renan's criticism of the Mosaic annals had not been delayed a few months.

One of the cities where a library or libraries existed was Kirjathsepher, or Book-town (the City of Letters), mentioned in Josh. xv. 16. It was also called Kirjath-Sannah, or City of Instruction, doubtless from the school which was attached to its library. The site is unfortunately lost; should it ever be recovered we may expect to find there literary treasures beyond all price. Why, indeed, should it be thought a thing incredible that some day we may find tablets containing the Ten Commandments, or some of the principal laws of the Hebrew nation in the handwriting of Moses himself. Would such a find be any more wonderful than that which has been found within the last few years?

In short, then, in the fifteenth century, B.C., the whole of the Oriental world was filled with schools and libraries, with readers and writers, with teachers and pupils. The books which were composed and studied were in the language and script of Babylonia; and the centre of all this literary activity was Canaan. Here the civilization of Egypt and Babylonia met and coalesced.

How far astray, then, are they who suppose that the Israelites came up into a land of ignorance. Joshua and his army settled in a land of cities and fortresses, wealthy and numerous. The people, especially on the sea-coast, were highly cultured as compared with the Israelites, and excelled as workers in gold and silver, as manufacturers of porcelain and vari-coloured glass, as weavers of richly-dyed linen, and their merchants traded with the most distant parts of the known world.

Yet it was a civilization which the original possessors were unable to carry further, and which, in their hands, was slowly degenerating. It needed the infusion of vigorous, simple elements such as nomadic Israel could give. The rapid advance from nomadism to the organized and brilliant empire of Solomon is largely to be explained by this prior Canaanitish civilization forming a framework of political and social elements which Israel inherited, and which did not need to be painfully and slowly brought out *de novo*.

Here is light on those passages in which reference is made to Melchizedek: "Two or three years ago it would have seemed a dream of the wildest enthusiasm to suggest that light would be thrown by modern discovery on the history of Melchizedek. Whatever lingering scruples the critic might have felt about rejecting the historical character of the first half of the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, he felt none at all as to the second half of it. Melchizedek, 'King of Salem' and priest of the most high God, appeared to be altogether a creature of mythology. And yet among the surprises which the tablets of Tel-el-Amarna had in store for us was the discovery that after all Melchizedek might well have been an historical personage." So says Sayce in his "Higher Criticism and the Monuments."

In this bundle of old letters there are quite a number from Ebed-Tob, the king of Jerusalem. In almost every one of them he makes the claim that he is not an ordinary king such as the other kings of Palestine. He had been appointed to his office, not by the Pharaoh, but by the arm or oracle of "the mighty God," *i.e.*, the supreme deity of his city. He also makes claim that he rules not by inheritance, that he is king not because his father was king before him. "Neither my father nor my mother have exalted me in this place, it was the oracle of the mighty God that gave it me," says he in many of his letters.

Appointed by the voice of the God he worshipped, he was thus a priest rather than a king. Melchizedek is called king of Salem instead of king of Jerusalem, because he was first priest of the most high God, and king only in virtue of his priestly office. It is now also clear why the father and mother of Melchizedek are not named. Like Ebed-Tob, his authority was not based on the right of inheritance, he had been called to exercise it by a divine voice. The state over which he presided was in reality a theocracy.

The letters of Ebed-Tob further show why it was that Melchizedek went forth to bless Abram in the name of his God, after the defeat of the Babylonian kings. His God was Salem, the Prince of Peace. Abram's victory had delivered Palestine from the invader and restored it again to peace; the sacred character of the priest-king of Jerusalem must have been acknowledged throughout the neighbouring district, and to him, accordingly, the victorious Hebrew paid the customary tithes. It is not difficult to believe that Isaiah, who was well acquainted with the older history of his birth-place, is referring to the ancient name and oracle of Jerusalem, when he bestows upon the

inheritor of the throne of David, the title of "the Prince of Peace."

The date which is commonly assumed for Exodus is in the reign of Mineptah (or Merenptah), which, according to the corrected chronology of Dr. Edward Mahler, would place it about the year 1200. Prof. McCurdy, in his "History, Prophecy and the Monuments," page 167, says, "This must be too early. It is towards the end of the reign of Rameses III. that the Exodus is with most probability to be placed," this would make the date, according to Mahler, about 1100, or about the time in which, according to Old Testament chronology, the coronation of Saul took place. Now, since even the earlier of these dates is at least 150 years later than that which the Bible seems to favour, we are anxious to know whether the tablets cast any light thereon.

Let it be remembered that the theory which places the Exodus in the reign of Mineptah was first advocated by Bunsen, but that it rests on no statement found in Egyptian records. It is based partly on the history of Manetho, who lived 1200 years after the event, and partly on the occurrence of the name Rameses as that of a stone-city built by the Israelites for the Pharaohs and mentioned in Exodus i.

Now, there are four fatal objections to this line of proof. (1) Manetho does not say that the Exodus took place in Mineptah's reign, but distinctly says it was in the reign of Amenophis, though he does not say which Amenophis, and unfortunately places him after Rameses, where no Amenophis belongs. (2) The argument from the name Rameses has no force, since the land of Rameses is mentioned in the time of Jacob (see Gen. 47). If the conclusion is to be that, therefore, Jacob lived in, or after, the times of Rameses II. then the Exodus would be brought down to the time of David or Ahab. (3) The period of the reign of Mineptah is one most unsuitable to the event, and (4) it ignores the whole chronology of the Bible writers.

It is especially gratifying to find that the general tendency of the investigation in the line of recent research has been toward a confirmation of the chronology of the Old Testament writers. The incorrectness of the data of the Old Testament had been almost universally accepted, chiefly on the basis of the researches of Brugsch, Lepsius, Masparo and others. Recent works on this subject have been, however, assuming a more conservative attitude in reference to these chronological combinations. The historian, Edward Meyer, who certainly has no theological bias in favour of the biblical chronology, has secured a chronology in harmony with the data of the Pentateuch. S. Birch and many other competent authorities all combat the old school of Brugsch. Their conclusions, based upon a detailed examination of the old Egyptian year and calendar data in conjunction with the new facts learned from the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, put the Exodus between the years 1440 and 1450, B.C. The evidence daily accruing seems to point with peculiar and increasing persistency to that date in preference to the later dates advanced by some Egyptologists.

The evidence of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets seem to compel us to accept implicitly the old-fashioned and somewhat discarded statements of passages such as 1 Kings vi. 1., where we are told that the Exodus took place exactly 480 years before the building of the temple. Prof. Sayce has shown that the chronology of the Book of Kings is some fifty years in excess, and that the date of the beginning of Solomon's reign may not be put earlier than 962, B.C. The temple was commenced in the fourth year of Solomon's reign, or 958, B.C., this makes the date of the Exodus 1438, and that date agrees perfectly with the ruling conditions of the times as far as they are known. This date throws the Exodus into the eighteenth dynasty, about 150 years subsequent to the expulsion of the Hyksos.

Such an interval agrees with biblical statement, for we know that Moses was eighty years old at the time of the Exodus—this gives an interval of seventy years between the expulsion of the Hyksos and the birth of Moses. It is not probable that the oppression of the Israelites commenced immediately after the expulsion of the Hyksos; it would rather have been the policy of the Pharaohs to establish their newly-fledged power by a period of moderation, after which, the Empire being consolidated and the new order confirmed, rein might be given to their desire of revenge against the miserable Asiatics and their compatriots the Hebrews.

About the year 1400, B.C., (that is, just forty years after the Exodus) the tablets tell us that a people called the Abiri, a term derived from Abarim, the mountains east of the Jordan, whence the Israelites descended into the Promised Land, are fighting against the walled

towns and fortresses still loyal to the king of Egypt. Ajalon is destroyed; Lachish, Askelon and Geser are all taken, and finally Jerusalem is abandoned to the invaders. The parallel between the account given in the clay tablets and the operations of Joshua is so striking that one cannot but conclude, with Col. Conder, that the Abiri are the Hebrews, and that the records of the cuneiform characters are another version, from another point of view, of the operations of the Israelites after crossing the Jordan.

In the evidence of the activity of Thothmes IV. and Amenophis III., both of whom were active warriors, we may see the wisdom of the forty years' wandering, during which the Israelites had to satisfy themselves with the mountains of Idumea and the country beyond Jordan, districts which scarcely ever, so far as we know, felt the weight of the Egyptian arms.

Prof. Sayce refuses to see the Hebrews in the Abiri; he connects them with Hebron and calls them Confederates, but such a connection supplies a strong ground for their identification with the Hebrews. If the Abiri really represent the Hebrews we can readily understand that they would naturally be connected with Hebron, although they had but lately come across Jordan, for Hebron was the site of their tribal burying-ground, at Hebron they possessed property, and the discovery, by Mr. Pinches, within the past few months, of the names of Jacob-el and Joseph-el, which are on all hands conceded to be tribal names, proves that many of the Israelites were already domiciled in Canaan.

In this connection the statement of Manetho that a contingent of 200,000 Jews of Canaan went to the relief of the Egyptian Jews at the Exodus and secured their retreat from Egypt, is interesting.

The new text of Mineptah does not throw much light on the Exodus; all that can be said is that about the year 1200 Mineptah found Israelites in Palestine, and claims, what is likely enough, a victory over them; but Col. Conder says, "The text shows clearly that Israel was in Palestine, not in Egypt, in the reign of Mineptah."

All things considered, the tablets seem to place the Exodus and the Conquest just where the writer of the Book of Kings would place them, *viz.*, 1438, B.C., for the Exodus, and forty years later, or 1398, for the commencement of the Conquest of Canaan.

The tablets throw light on the case with which Joshua led the children of Israel into Canaan. He is at the head of a vast number of men, women and children. He has no trained warriors. His followers are the descendants of people who long suffered under affliction—affliction which was visited upon them by the Pharaohs for the very purpose of crushing out their spirits. The critics have said it was not possible for Joshua, at the head of such a crowd, to drive out the native inhabitants of Palestine.

But here are our tablets revealing conditions which not only made such occupancy possible, but altogether probable. We see a great part, if not the whole, of Canaan in a disorganized condition. The native princes, driven to despair by the apathy and inaction of their Egyptian king, are in a state of revolt, and when Joshua entered the land he found the country broken up into small states, governed by petty kings or chiefs who were constantly fighting with one another.

If the Egyptian supremacy had still remained unshaken in Western Asia it may be conceived that the conquest of Canaan, for a small nation like the Israelites, would have been exceedingly difficult, if not impossible. In the absence, however, of a sovereign power, the defeat and conquest of a number of petty independent chieftains was a matter of comparative ease.

Prof. Francis Newman, in his "History of the Hebrew Monarchy," says, "that the references in the Bible to the Hittites of Northern Syria are unhistorical and do not exhibit the writer's acquaintance with the times in a very favourable light." This statement and many like it were common among rationalistic critics a few years ago, and such statements were made in the face of the fact that the Hittites are referred to in the Bible in as many as twenty passages. The Tel-el-Amarna tablets tell us not only that the Hittites existed in this period of history, not only that they were a mighty people, who played no mean part among the nations of Palestine, but that it was just Northern Syria which was the home of the Hittite kingdoms from very early times. Many of the letters of Northern Palestine are appeals to the king of Egypt for help against the oncoming Hittites.

German critics and their followers have assured us that Jerusalem was a small and unimportant place before the time of its capture by David, the very name of Jerusalem being introduced then for the

first time. Nevertheless we have learned from the tablets that before the Exodus, not only was Jerusalem already an important city and the capital of an extensive territory, but that it was already known by the name of Urusalim, or Jerusalem. They also give us enough of her early history to assure us that Ezekiel knew perfectly the ancient history of Jerusalem when he reminds the city that the Amorite was her father, and the Hittite her mother. When, therefore, the commentators state that Ezekiel is simply taunting the inhabitants of Jerusalem by telling them they act as *if* they were Amorites and Hittites, they do not give sufficient weight to the fact that Ezekiel is stating a simple historical truth.

These tablets explain many obscure words that have long puzzled commentators. Take for example the word Abrek, in Gen. xli. 43, translated "bow the knee," the margin of the Revised Version says, "probably an Egyptian word similar in sound to the Hebrew word meaning to kneel." An explanation of the word has been vainly sought in the Egyptian language. Our tablets tell us it is of Babylonian origin and is not a command at all, that it means a seer or soothsayer. It was as a divinely inspired seer that the subjects of Pharaoh were to reverence Joseph after the interpretations of the dreams.

The campaigns of Amraphel and his allies; the wanderings of Abraham from Babylonia to Canaan, of Jacob to Aram; the selling of Joseph to traders going down to Egypt; the Babylonish garment dipped in the scarlet dye of Shinar, that caught the eye of Achan; the prostration of oneself seven times before a superior, an isolated fact in the Old Testament, but often mentioned in the tablets—all these things become like nineteenth-century events to us after we have been in the record office of Khu-en-aten reading over these old letters. They make us feel like declaring that to the Bible student these letters are the most important historical records ever found, they touch the Bible at more points than any other of the remarkable finds of the nineteenth century, and their influence on all questions referring to early Hebrew literature is almost exhaustless.

St. Thomas.

"GUESSES AT THE RIDDLE OF EXISTENCE."*

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.

Chancellor of Victoria University.

This is the saddest book that we have read for many a year. It is written with all that purity, elegance and strength of English diction of which the author is, perhaps, our greatest living master. It reflects the rich stores of learning of a man who has intermeddled with all knowledge. It even affords glimpses of those noble traits of character, those deeper human sympathies, and that strong moral nature which have made the author as much beloved for his purity of life, and for his charity and goodness of heart, as he is admired for his rare intellectual gifts. Nay, more, we seem to discern, even in this book, the presence of a reverent religious spirit hiding the tears with which it cries for a faith which it has not been able to find, like

> "An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry."

But while we thus recognize the tender spirit of a son who is compelled to bring a grievous charge before the bar of justice against a beloved parent, we must at once recognize the fact that here is an arraignment at the bar of reason of the old faith of Christianity, an arraignment condensed into a very short brief, but as relentless in its spirit as Gregg's Creeds of Christendom, and almost as wide in its scope as "Supernatural Religion." This very relentlessness exhibits the strong moral spirit of the author. He is seeking after truth by the light of reason along a logical pathway, and it is his duty to follow the path to the end, regardless of consequences. But a practical man can scarcely forbear asking *Cui Bono?* The author's answer is this: "The spirit in which these pages are penned is not that of agnosticism, if agnosticism imports despair of spiritual truth, but that of free and hopeful in-

* "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence, and Other Essays on Kindred Subjects." By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. New York: Macmillan Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Company. Price, $1.25.

quiry, the way for which it is necessary to clear by removing the wreck of that upon which we can found our faith no more."

But if the old ship in which the Christian world has thus far sailed has been wrecked, and we are like stranded mariners on an unknown shore, it would be the most foolish of all policies to burn the old ship. Even if we must build anew from the very keel, the old materials may be of inestimable value for our purpose. If there is anything of which this book convinces us it is that apart from what is in the old ship we are almost absolutely destitute of materials for building a new faith, or even for the construction of a raft on which to float, till some new ship heaves in sight, the precious cargo of morality which Dr. Smith is as anxious to save as ourselves. We cannot but remember the parable of the great Master, who says to the servants who would at once rush into the field to uproot the tares, "Not so, lest while ye gather up the tares ye root up also the wheat with them."

In the interests of truth we cannot but think that the book had better not have been written. The method of Nature, may I for a moment beg the question and say God's method, is to let the new form of life spring out of the old and particle by particle absorb its vital energy and transfer it to a new organism while the old slowly and silently shrinks into nothingness and disappears. Man's method is to burn the wreckage with fire, or blow it up with dynamite and go to the woods to look for timber for a new ship. We have been obliged to change the metaphor, for the one view is that religious faith is God's work, a growth of life by a divine law ; the other is that it is man's work, something which the critics, the philosophers and the theologians may build anew. But the work before us is the critical survey by an expert of the old ship, and a condensed report of its condition, and of the work of some of its recent carpenters. This report itself seems to us to require the most critical examination.

At the very outset we are given to understand that there is something in our old faith worthy of preservation. "To resign untenable arguments for a belief is not to resign that belief, while a belief bound up with untenable arguments will share their fate." With this we are not disposed to quarrel. While we do not think that any truth will perish through the unskilfulness or stupidity of its advocates, yet we are fully alive to the fact that Christianity's greatest danger to-day lies in a certain popular method of presenting it and advocating its claims.

But our author goes on to say, "Where the conclusions are, or seem to be, negative, no one will rejoice more than the writer to see the more welcome view reasserted, and fresh evidence of its truth supplied." Here it is clear that what is consigned to the fire is not merely old arguments for the truth, or old forms of presentation, but, also, much of what has been taken to be truth itself, and which even he himself would welcome back again, if reasserted. He, indeed, cherishes a hope of religious truth, a hope which he expresses in words which remind us of Lord Herbert, of Cherbery—"If, as our hearts tell us, there is a Supreme Being, He cares for us ; He knows our perplexities ; He has His plan. If we seek truth He will enable us in due time to find it. Whether we find it cannot matter to Him : it may conceivably matter to Him whether we seek it."

We naturally turn with some anxiety to the pages of the book to see the fruition of this hope, but we are disappointed to find that the "negative conclusions" vastly preponderate, and that to this seeker after truth the old faith, all but a few *disjecta membra*, seems hopelessly lost. These fragments are, indeed, infinitely precious, and holding fast to them this gifted child of humanity stands on the boundary of the unseen waiting for a new gift of truth to save the world. "Watchman, what of the night ?" This watchman answers, "There are but a few feeble stars, but they cannot guide our way. I believe that light will surely come, but I see it not yet. We must hope and wait." Is this report correct, or has the watchman lost his vision ?

This book is composed of five tracts, each dealing with a distinct aspect of the great field of religious truth, and of its relation to modern thought. The first touches the bearing of evolution upon the Christian system, following and reviewing the works of Drummond, Kidd and Balfour. The second glances over the whole field of Old Testament studies in the light of the Higher Criticism. The third discusses the doctrine of a future life in the light of modern science and philosophy. The fourth takes up the New Testament in the light of the Historical Criticism and with special reference to miracles. The fifth discusses the ultimate relation of morality to theism.

It will be seen that the field thus cov-

ered is very wide, and that in a work of less than 250 pages, any independent presentation of even outlines of argument is impossible. The author does not attempt even the most summary statement of *his* evolutionary philosophy or critical investigations. What he does is to give us *results*, what he believes to be the conclusions of modern thought in these different fields, and to place these sharply defined and skilfully marshalled results face to face with the counter statement of Christian doctrines with this challenge: "Can these things both be true?" "Must not one or the other be abandoned?" We do not quote words, but what we take to be the central idea of the book. The results of modern reason are presented as in opposition to the tenets of faith, and if we follow reason we are called upon to abandon faith; if we cling to faith it is held that we abnegate reason.

It is, of course, out of the question that we should here proceed to review the processes by which these conclusions of modern reason are reached. Dr. Smith himself has not attempted to do so; he has contented himself with the statement of what appear to him to be accepted results. But upon this statement we must venture two criticisms. The first is that, viewed in the light of a careful discriminating science and philosophy, the statement appears to us to be overdrawn. It includes in the same category results which are universally accepted and conclusions adopted only by the extreme advocates of a theory, matters which are scientific statements of observed facts and matters which are only theoretical inferences from these facts, removed some of them almost *toto coelo* in rational authority from the facts themselves.

Both reason and scientific honesty demand our acceptance of all clearly ascertained facts. Both reason and a proper sense of the limitations of our knowledge demand a suspension of judgment in regard to all theoretical inferences. If from the total presentation of Dr. Smith's rational results all doubtful theoretical inferences be eliminated, the apparent conflict between reason and faith will be in a great measure removed.

Our second criticism touches the counter statement of the tenets of faith. As in science so in religion, we have to distinguish between the facts apprehended by religious faith, the scientific statement of those facts, and theological systems founded on or inferred from those facts. The facts, both scientific and religious, are ultimate truth, reality, and never have contradicted each other, in fact cannot do so. The method of stating the facts changes with the advancing history of the race. Of course, the method of statement of the same fact in the eighth century, B.C., is not the method of most accurate statement for the nineteenth century, A.D. Some forms of statement are universal. They are intelligible and satisfactory to all ages of the world's history, and to every stage of development of our spiritual being from that of the child to that of the philosopher. Others must be interpreted in the light of the age and place to which they belong.

But if this is true of the statement of fact it is much more widely true of the theories and inferences which men build upon their facts. Our theologies, philosophies and scientific hypotheses are constantly changing. Since I began the study of chemistry fifty years ago the entire theory of chemical science has been revolutionized, and in the midst of that revolution Sir Benjamin Brodie made a most gallant attempt to construct a science of chemistry apart from theory. But the scientific world preferred a theory, a working hypothesis, because the facts are thus more easily comprehended.

Now, our second criticism of Dr. Smith's presentation of the opposition of religion and science is this, that while he puts on the one side the most extreme results of modern scientific reason, he contrasts with these, not the statement of Christianity proposed by our best and most advanced modern theologians, but an extremely old-fashioned statement which no competent theologian would now be prepared to accept as he puts it before us. In fact, we must call upon Dr. Smith to eliminate from his statement of religious truth all mere theory about the Bible, and about the facts of religion, whether in the ancient Hebrew or the Christian form, just as we have asked him to eliminate from his conclusions of reason all mere hypotheses and inferences.

It is the glory of our Scriptures, both the Old Testament and the New, that they are guiltless of rational speculation about the great verities of religion. They present to us the great facts of God and man and their relations to each other and to Christ simply as they are apprehended in the moral and religious consciousness. They do not attempt to construct a theology in the modern sense of the term. As to physical and meta-

physical speculations as to the universe and man and God, these did exist prior to the Old Testament and also to the New. But they did not largely affect the Hebrew people. They moulded forms of thought and language which were common to all the old-world civilization, from Babylon in the east to Rome in the west, and these common forms of speech and thought appear in the Scriptures. But all competent interpreters now understand that these constitute the human vehicle of thought, not the divine message of truth. As well attack the Scriptures on the ground of the imperfections and limitations of the Hebrew language, or of the New Testament Greek dialect, as on the grounds of these common moulds of thought which belong to the several ages in which they were produced.

I take down an old volume of chemistry and find water presented as H O. I do not write down the author as utterly ignorant and unworthy of confidence as a chemist, I simply translate his symbols into the forms of modern chemical theory. The chemist of the next century may have to do the same with ours.

But quite apart from rational theories which have but very slightly influenced the Scriptures even on physical and metaphysical subjects, and can scarce be said to have touched them in the field of moral and religious truth, there are forms of apprehending truth, *i.e.*, reality, which are universal, and there are forms which are peculiar to particular ages, peoples, and stages of advancement. Both these forms appear in the Scripture. The casket in which our jewel of truth is contained is of ancient workmanship. To the modern critical eye it may appear somewhat rude. Are we, therefore, to cast it into the fire with the priceless jewel which it contains? The old forms of statement may appear to be opposed to some of our modern ideas. The truth which they convey is in harmony with all modern truth.

But if we understand the author aright, he would dispute with us even this last position. He would say, the difficulties which press me are not merely difficulties growing out of theories ancient and modern, theological and scientific, nor are they difficulties growing out of the peculiar forms of thought and language of ancient and modern times, and Oriental and Occidental races. They touch the very heart of the thing, the moral and religious truth itself. To the New Testament in this respect he finds no ground of objection, but the Old Testament, he thinks, must be utterly discarded on account both of its imperfect morality and its unworthy religious conceptions.

This objection raises the whole question of the nature and method of divine revelation, its progressive character, and its relation to the intellectual, moral, and religious status of the people to whom it is given. The author throughout proceeds upon the supposition that the only possible conception of the Old Testament as Divine is that of mechanical inspiration, something imposed upon the human mind from without, rather than implanted within, as a seed of new and higher thought to grow out of, and so be affected by the existing soil and its imperfect preparation.

Geology teaches us that the earth's first soil produced only the lower and coarser forms of life. But this life itself contributed to the richer mould which is the soil of the higher and later forms of vegetation. Of course, the Old Testament is but an imperfect and preparatory form of moral and religious teaching. But there is everywhere in it the true spirit both of ethics and religion, ever working towards higher perfection and preparing the way for better things to come. But even out of this lower life there come beautiful forms which we would not willingly let die. In our choicest conservatories we still mingle with our most highly cultivated flowers the delicate fronds of ferns which carry us back to the life of the palæozoic age. So the Psalms of David, and the Proverbs of Solomon, and the meditations of Job, and the exhortations of the prophets hold their own in our religious heart even to-day. They contain a divine power of spiritual life.

Nor should we forget that the older and more imperfect forms may perpetuate spiritual life, both moral and religious, even yet, in soils where the more perfect could not grow. Both the religion and the ethic of mediæval and even of Puritan times, were Old Testament rather than New, not because the Old Testament still existed, but because such was the stubbornness of our Northern clay that even New Testament seed grew into Old Testament coarser forms. In our study of this entire subject we should ponder very carefully the words of the Master. "For the hardness of your hearts he wrote you this precept."

Before we close our criticism of this book we must call attention to what we

think the unsound foundation upon which its entire line of argument rests. It proposes to set aside our existing religion, and perhaps with it also our morality as well, on the basis of *rational objections.*

It demands, in the name of reason, that we renounce our religious faith and our moral convictions. In reply we say boldly that reason has neither authority to make such a demand nor power to enforce it. Reason has her own rights, her own office and her own powers, and those of the very highest moment, but they extend not to this. What is reason? Is it not the power by which we compare and judge? But comparison, judgment, and all other conceivable rational processes must have pre-existent material upon which they exercise their functions. They do not create that material; they have no right to destroy it. Reason did not create our conception of God. Reason did not create the Christ of the Gospels. Reason did not create the convictions of Pentecost, nor even the spiritual faith of modern Christianity. She is also powerless to destroy them. To call upon the world to resign these things in the name of reason is absurd.

A simple illustration will make this plain. Much of our knowledge—*i.e.*, of its fundamental elements—comes to us through our eyesight. I see, and seeing brings invincible conviction of reality. Now, my eyes often make mistakes. They see blue for green. They see far for near, and so through a score of individual mistakes. It is the work of reason to discover and correct these. She thus perfects vision by eliminating its personal equations. She may even set aside the vision of one man, or of a score of men selected here and there, as utterly untrustworthy. But she cannot set aside all vision. She cannot even set aside the vision of a generation or of a nation. However apparently unanswerable her objections, the world would laugh at her as a skilful maker of conundrums and go on and believe their eyes. A Whately would call her work the fallacy of objections, and would write a parody on historic doubts concerning Napoleon Bonaparte.

So, also, there is a spiritual vision which reason is not competent to call upon men to doubt. It sees and knows God. It is convinced of right. Even the Hottentot in his purblind fetichism is not without it. There are degrees of this vision; there are imperfections; it may make mistakes; but it is not all a mistake. Its greatest blunders still contain some truth. Reason may help us to correct its mistakes and to verify its truth and separate it from our personal equations. But she cannot usurp the place of this spiritual vision. She can offer us nothing to take its place. Nor is it possible for her altogether to destroy the convictions, the faith which comes through this spiritual vision even in its feeblest forms. She may puzzle the intellect, she cannot altogether blind the heart, and in the end the world will say with our author, "As our hearts tell us, there is a God."

LET DOWN YOUR NETS.

Launch out into the deep,
  The awful depths of a world's despair;
Hearts that are breaking and eyes that weep,
  Sorrow and ruin and death are there,
And the sea is wide and the pitiless tide
  Bears on its bosom—away.
Beauty and youth in relentless unruth
  To its dark abyss for aye—for aye.
  But the Master's voice comes over the sea,
  "Let down your nets for a draught" for Me!
He stands in our midst on our wreck-strewn strand,
And sweet and royal is His command.
      His pleading call
      Is to each—to all:
And whenever the royal call is heard,
There hang the nets of the royal Word.
  Trust to the nets and not to your skill,
  Trust to the royal Master's will!
Let down your nets each day, each hour,
For the word of a King is a word of power.
  And the King's own voice comes over the sea,
  "Let down your nets for a draught" for Me!

THE IMPERIAL CHRIST.*

BY W. S. BLACKSTOCK, D.D.

This volume is a fitting memorial of one who was a beautiful character and an able Christian minister. It consists of an interesting and instructive sketch of his life, and fifteen of the most characteristic of his sermons. These, the sketch and the sermons, may best be read together on account of the light which they shed upon each other. It was because the Christ had become imperial in the life of the preacher that He had this position in his sermons.

In a very special sense Jesus had become all in all to John Patterson Coyle. Even at a time when he could not call Him the Christ with an intelligent conviction of what is expressed by that divine designation, he was the object of his supreme respect and admiration, and, perhaps it should be added, of his affection. Though, like his Divine Master, he had been driven out in the wilderness to be tempted of the devil, and during this period of sore trial in which a horror of great darkness had fallen upon him, his faith seems to have lost its hold upon almost everything that is fundamental to the Christian religion, and even the existence of a personal God was to him for the time being unthinkable and unknowable, yet the Divine Man was his pole star, of which he never lost sight. And it was by this light that he was at length guided into the safe and quiet haven.

Would that every one who has passed, or may pass, through a similar experience could say what he says of himself, viz. : "I never scoffed at the name of Christ, and if any one did so in my presence it sickened me as if my father or my mother had been assailed. . . A lingering, personal affection for the Christ on one hand, and a conviction of the truth of scientific agnosticism on the other, and the belief that the two could not be harmonized, produced in me that dual personality, as distressing and strange as the now famous case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Sad and terrible as this experience was, as the sequel shows, the subject of it was safe so long as this veneration and personal affection for the Christ remained. Perilous and awful as his situation was, he had the clue which, if faithfully followed, was capable of leading him to the light, and which as a matter of fact did lead him out into the clear day.

Speaking of a subsequent stage in his experience he says : "Beginning to serve Christ as a worthy Master, independent altogether of his relations to theism, I found that soon a new Spirit began taking 'the things of Christ' and showing them to me, something like the Spirit of the Age had forced upon my attention the things of science and compelled me to admit their truth. . . The unmistakable things of Christ were being gradually revealed and proven beyond doubt by the testimony and authority of that Spirit. It has shown me, and so thoroughly am I convinced of it that I will stake my destiny on its truth, that Christ came from and returns to the Eternal One ; that He is entitled to the name of the Eternally Begotten Son of the Agnostic's Unknown God ; that this Spirit that testifies these things is at once his Spirit and the Spirit of the Unknown. This persuasion of the unqualified deity of Christ is strongest when I am in the clearest and the most elevated mood, intellectually and morally, or else when I am engaged in disinterested service for others."

With this sort of experience, is it any wonder that Jesus became to him "The Imperial Christ" ; that He occupied a central place in his creed, in his personal religious life, and in his social ideal ; and that the supreme aim of his ministry was to enthrone Him in the hearts of individual men and in human society. Without being able to see eye to eye with Dr. Coyle in every particular, one can feel no hesitation in cordially recommending both the biographical sketch and the sermons to the perusal of all intelligent and thoughtful readers.

* "The Imperial Christ." By John P. Coyle, D.D. With a Biographical Introduction, by George A. Gates, D.D., President of Iowa College. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto : William Briggs. Cr. octavo, pp. lxii–249. Price, $1.50.

" We look along the shining ways
To see the angel faces ;
They come to us in darkest days,
Amid the dreariest places."

THE MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

BISHOP GALLOWAY.

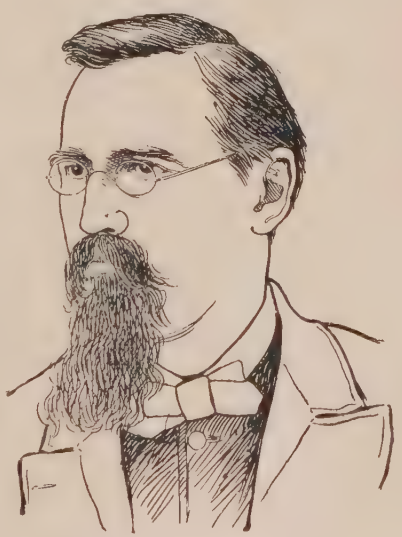
The most striking event in Canadian Methodism, during the last month, has been the grand Missionary Conference in Toronto. It struck a new note, we believe, in the history of our missions. Its success must be highly gratifying to all whose efforts made it such a conspicuous success, and especially to our friend, Dr. J. J. Maclaren, Q.C., to whom is so largely due the credit of its inception and successful carrying out. Our General Superintendent, Dr. Carman; Dr. Sutherland, Dr. Henderson, the Rev. A. C. Crews, and Mrs. Willmott, of the Woman's Missionary Society, rendered invaluable service in making this Conference the great success it was.

The meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society and the League Rally, which packed the Metropolitan church twice on Monday, are evidences of the deep interest felt by the elect ladies and young people of Methodism in mission work, and are an augury of how much may be accomplished by their consecrated enthusiasm.

The Missionary Breakfast gave the needed social touch. It is a remarkable coincidence that the Rev. Dr. Young and Rev. E. R. Young, who were both present at this function, were tendered a farewell greeting at a mission-breakfast held in the same place twenty-eight years ago. The Hon. Senator Aikins, ex-Governor of Manitoba, described Dr. Young's two months' journey by waggons across the prairie to Fort Garry, a hamlet of a few hundred, now the city of Winnipeg, with a population of nearly forty thousand, and seven Methodist churches, with a Conference of 204 ministers, where we had not then a member. Dr. Leonard thought this missionary breakfast a great improvement on "a missionary for breakfast" of cannibal times.

The interest culminated in the grand missionary rally in the Massey Hall on Tuesday evening. This splendid auditorium has amply repaid its erection by making possible such magnificent religious gatherings as this Missionary Conference, our New Year's Sunday-school assemblies, the Easter Methodist concert, the great revival services of Messrs. Moody and Grubb, and other conventions.

The presence of our distinguished American guests, who are so closely in touch with mission work, lent special interest to the Conference. The Rev. Dr. A. B. Leonard, Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, stirred the vast audience with his missionary optimism. He spoke with the full assur-

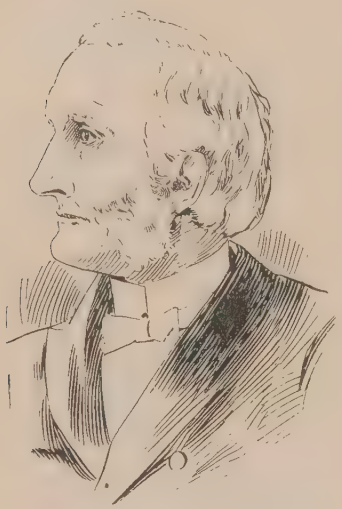


DR. A. B. LEONARD.

ance of final victory of the Christian hope and Christian unity manifested by all the Churches in the mission field. They locked shields for the assault on the ramparts of paganism, and marched

forward under the banner of their common Master and Lord. His description of the *rôle* of China in history, in commerce, and as the most potent factor in the settlement of the Eastern problem, were an inspiration to the Canadian Church to prosecute with new zeal its Chinese mission.

We regret that we are unable to present a portrait of Mrs. White, who, with her late husband, spent several years in Chinese mission work. She stirred her hearers to the depths of their natures with her stories of the consecration under trial and persecution of their sisters in heathen lands.



DR. J. E. WILLIAMS.

It was a special pleasure to have with us the Rev. Dr. J. E. Williams, of Buffalo, the son of a Canadian parsonage, who has won a good degree among his brethren in the United States. His resemblance in face and manner to his father, our late beloved General Superintendent, won him a hearty welcome, which he will henceforth receive for his own as well as for his father's sake.

The visit of our distinguished American guests gave special value to this Missionary Convention. Such visits weave bonds of international love and brotherhood between the kindred peoples working side by side in the same mission fields. Every allusion to the peaceful settlement of the Venezuela Question and the Arbitration Treaty called forth warmest response.

It remains now to translate into action —into permanent result—the enthusiasm created by this Conference. A conspicuous result has been to lift into prominence the cause of missions, and to inaugurate, we believe, a forward movement throughout our country, and, we trust, in all the Churches. Our Canadian cartoonist, J. W. Bengough, presented a striking sketch of the smug, self-satisfied, commonplace churchianity turning a deaf ear to the pitiful pleadings of our brother in black, dwelling in the darkness of heathenism.

A similar forward movement, we understand, is contemplated in other cities of the Dominion. We heartily commend its adoption in other centres of influence. Let this great cause be held up in all the eyes of the people as the most pressing duty of the Christian Church in these closing years of the nineteenth century.

The farewell of Rev. Dr. Virgil C. Hart, Superintendent of Canadian missions in West China, who has since left for his distant mission field, was very impressive. To few men does it fall to twice re-establish a Chinese mission. Yet this was the experience of Dr. Hart; first, as Superintendent of a Methodist Episcopal mission in China, and last year as Superintendent of the Canadian Mission at Chentu, in the province of Sz-Chuen. The missions at Chentu, which were destroyed during the Chinese war, have been re-established with ampler hospital and preaching accommodation, and with brighter auspices than ever. Dr. Hart purposes founding a printing-press for the diffusion of Christian literature, the only one in a population of fifty millions of people.

SINS OF OMISSION.

" Ah ! woe for the word that is never said
Till the ear is deaf to hear,
And woe for the lack to the fainting head
Of the ringing shout of cheer.
Ah ! woe for the laggard feet that tread
In the mournful wake of the bier.

" For baffling most in this dreary world,
With its tangles small and great,
Its lonesome nights and its weary days,
And its struggles forlorn with fate,
Is that bitterest grief, too deep for tears,
Of the help that comes too late."

The World's Progress.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA, FROM THE RIVER.

The recent fire in the West Departmental Block of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa came near being a national calamity. We regard the stately pile of buildings that crown Parliament Hill as one of the noblest groups in the world. The soaring Mackenzie Tower, especially as seen from below the cliff, is one of the finest features of the Parliament Buildings. We think it almost criminal neglect that no more efficient means of fire extinguishing exists. There should be in the tower and in that of the main building a great tank of water, as there is in the dome of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane, so that there would always be sufficient pressure to drown out any fire. There should be, too, frequent fire drill and all the appliances kept ready for instant use. As it is, the historic archives, important records, and valuable and costly library are in imminent peril.

The Bitter Cry of India.

The bitter cry of India has rung in the ears of the world with intenser pathos as the months go by, and has elicited a sympathetic response in all English-speaking lands. The generous contributions which are being sent from all parts of the Empire are a proof of its unity and solidarity, and the gifts of the United States, Russia, and other countries, show the still wider sweep of human sympathy. Were but a tithe of the money that is spent in forts and fleets and armaments, which but antagonize the races of mankind, given to relieve the wants and woes of suffering humanity, the world would be knit together in bonds of brotherhood as never before. Let us thank God for the advance of civilization and the recognition of a Christian conscience in what is already being done. The response of Canada has been good as a beginning, but it is by no means adequate to the pressing need of our fellow-subjects in India. It is a grand opportunity for Christendom to show the Hindu and the Moslem the fruits of its faith. By generous bequests of the bread that perisheth a kinder reception may be secured for the Bread of Life. It will avail little to preach to a hungry man, or to offer him a tract instead of bread.

The very beneficence and justice of England's rule, the creation of irrigation

and transportation systems, have so reduced the death rate in India that it is alleged there are fifty millions more in that country now than at the time of the Mutiny. But so low is the earning power of the Ryots that many millions are living continually on the verge of starvation, and when the crop fails they face its sternest reality.

Why Not Ratify?

It is a disappointment to two nations that the United States Senate has failed to promptly ratify the arbitration treaty. It is evident that the Senate does not represent the better sentiment of the American people. The senators seem to resent the moral pressure brought to bear by the pulpit, the press, the universities, and the thoughtful intelligence of the country.

The *Independent* in a strong article says: "The eyes of the country are on the Senate, and as it deals with the treaty so will the public be pleased or displeased, for the American people are very much in earnest in this matter."

Harper's Weekly expresses similar sentiment. "It is no exaggeration to say that the eyes of the world are on the United States Senate at this moment. With the treaty the Senate is also on trial." "It is obvious," it continues, "that unless popular interest forces the Senate to do its duty, malice and ignorance are likely to score one more success against civilization."

Speaking of the insistence on the Venezuela arbitration, the *Independent* asks, "Is arbitration something that is good for other nations and bad for us? Such reasoning is childish."

The peace-loving people of the United States strongly desire that a Higher Power should "teach their senators wisdom." One ground of the reluctance to ratify is alleged to be some Jingo hangers-on of the American navy, known at Washington as the War Syndicate, who seem to fear that their occupation would be gone were the reign of peace assured. An American humourist inquires:

"What will become of those who make
Plate armour, proof against all shot,
And then project a projectile
To send that armour straight to pot?

"What will become, likewise, of that
Most valiant and courageous corps
Who, safe in peaceful paths, do pen
Despatches from the seat of war?"

British opinion seems universally in favour of the treaty. The *Daily Chronicle* describes the treaty as "the greatest effort ever made, since the world began, to inaugurate the reign of universal peace."

The *Methodist Times* says: "The great fact which will remain conspicuous forever is the fact that at last two of the greatest powers on earth have agreed to substitute reason and justice for brute force and bloodshed. That is the beginning of the end foretold so long ago by the prophets of God. It is by far the most glorious event in the long reign of Queen Victoria."

This very cordial reception of the treaty is alleged by some sapient senators as a good reason for refusing to ratify it. One would think that the lesson of the panic in Wall Street after the President's war message, and the fall of stocks created by the Jingo action of the Senate in the Cuban affair, would show the money value of having some permanent relief from war scares. It would be worth uncounted millions to American securities. English gold would flow in in a Pactolian stream to American investments, and greatly enrich the nation.

The allegation of Senator Stewart, of Nevada, that Britain uniformly got the better in arbitration with the United States is certainly disproved by the fact that for half the Alabama award of $15,000,000, claimants could not be found. The absurd manner in which the State of Maine juts into Canadian territory shows that Canada failed of justice in the Ashburton Treaty. Yet, in the interest of civilization and Christianity, Great Britain is willing to appeal to the sense of justice of mankind? Why should not the United States?

The recent *emeute* in Crete may precipitate the crisis which seems imminent in Europe. The Turkish Empire seems to be going to pieces, and little Greece is eager to claim her share. Crete is too accessible to the warships of the Powers to permit Turkey to repeat her policy of slaughter as practised in the inaccessible mountains of Armenia.

Prison Reform.

Dr. Lathern's excellent article in our last number, like the Hon. S. H. Blake's in the November number, touches a subject of great importance to our Dominion. The Prisoners' Aid Association of Toronto, of which Dr. A. M. Rosebrugh is

the indefatigable secretary, has been strongly urging upon the Provincial and Dominion Governments certain urgently-needed prison reforms, some of which are indicated in Dr. Lathern's article. One of the most successful reformatory institutions in America is that under the superintendence of Mr. Brockway, of Elmira, New York. A strong feature of this is the "indeterminate sentence"; that is, men are not committed for one, two, three or four years, but committed as a patient would be to a hospital or to an asylum, till they are cured. The reformatory and not the punitive features are the prominent ones in their treatment.

Recently there has been still another stimulant applied to the inmates in this reformatory. This is a wage-earning system. In order to progress towards their release by parole, the inmates must earn their living and keep a credit balance to their accounts. The philosophy of this regulation is that to maintain this balance a prisoner "must restrain, regulate, and exert himself in a way which assures his improvement." Until recently the diet rate has been inflexible. Now a plan is introduced enlarging the scale, increasing from grade to grade, so that prisoners, out of their own accumulations, can select meal by meal at their pleasure; the limit is that the expenditure must not go beyond the indulgence allowed by the government of the reformatory. The whole theory of that institution is to develop manhood and form habits in harmony therewith.

Dr. Withrow's Fifth Excursion to Europe.

The programme of Dr. Withrow's fifth excursion to Europe is now ready. It covers a comprehensive tour to London, Paris, Lausanne, Lake Geneva, the Rhone Valley, over the Simplon Pass by carriages, Domo D'Ossola, Novara, Genoa, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Florence, Bologna, Venice, Milan, the Italian and Swiss lakes, St. Gotthard Pass, up the Rigi, Lucerne, through the Bernese Oberland, Thun, Berne, Zurich, Schaffhausen, through the Black Forest—a magnificent ride—Strassburg, Heidelberg; optional route through Nuremberg to Luther's country—Cobourg, Erfurt, Eisenach, Frankfort—Mayence, down the Rhine, Cologne, Brussels, Antwerp, and London, with optional extensions to York, Edinburgh, the Trossachs, and Glasgow. The celebration in connection with the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, and International Exhibition in Brussels, will be features of special interest.

The excursion will be personally conducted throughout by Dr. Withrow, who will take entire charge of the party, relieving tourists of all arrangements of travel and sight-seeing, and giving them the benefit of six visits to Paris, five to Rome, and repeated journeys over the best routes of travel. An illustrated programme giving full details and information will be forwarded to any address on application to Rev. Dr. Withrow, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto.

Recent Science.

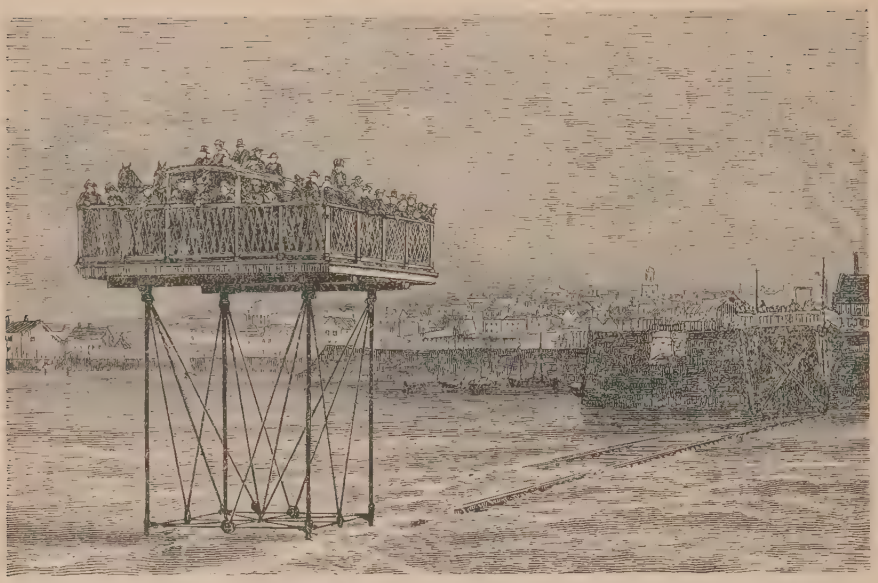
An Amphibious Railway.

A very curious amphibious railway has been opened at Brighton—a railway which runs from Brighton to Rottingdean (some four and a half miles) through the water instead of under it. This is accomplished by the rails being laid at low-water mark, and by mounting the car on iron stilts. The result is that at high tide the car runs along in salt water sometimes ten feet deep on each side. The motive power is electricity, conveyed by an overhead wire from a dynamo at Rottingdean.

The pioneer in this kind of submarine railway was the one constructed at St. Malo, in Brittany, shown in our cut, the port from which Jacques Cartier sailed for the discovery of Canada. In this the moving power is a submerged wire cable. St. Malo is situated on a rocky peninsula, and is connected to the mainland by a causeway, which is dry at low water, but at high tide is sometimes buried forty-five feet. This moving bridge saves a long detour. It was proposed to make a similar bridge across the channel to the island at Toronto.

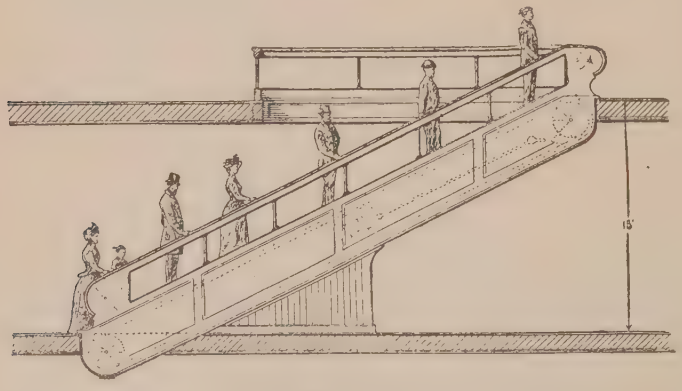
An Inclined Elevator.

A recent invention that may possibly replace the stairways now used to gain access to elevated railroad platforms,



RATS' BRIDGE OF ST. MALO.

public buildings, and similar places is the inclined elevator, which might perhaps be better described as a continuously moving inclined plane. One of these "elevators" was operated for two weeks last summer at the old Iron Pier, Coney Island, and is said to have been a success. The working of the device is thus described by *The Electrical World:*



AN INCLINED ELEVATOR.

"The moving incline upon which the passengers step is practically an endless iron link belt of special construction passing around pairs of sprocket wheels at the top and bottom of the machine. The surface upon which the feet of the passengers rest consists of a series of longitudinal ridges having a corrugated upper surface which supports the feet comfortably and securely.

"The incline has a speed of about 80 feet per minute, and the hand-rail is movable at the same speed as the incline itself. The elevator carried about 3,000 passengers per hour, taking two-and-a-half horse-power for the work, while when running without any load about one-quarter horse-power was consumed. The elevator is under perfect control, and can be stopped and started by simply pressing a button.

"In large stores, or any public places where crowds are to be handled, the inclined elevator will be run continuously, but in the smaller places, where there is not much traffic, it may be run only during the time needed to convey customers from one level to the other. With such a device as this in operation the second floors of many stores could be rendered available for business purposes which are not

now used on account of the necessity to climb stairs. Another field of usefulness for the elevators would be at the stations of elevated railways and at terminal railway-stations, where the waiting-rooms are above the sidewalk level, and a device of this sort for the patrons of the roads would no doubt be appreciated."

What Compressed Air Can Do.

The remarkable powers of compressed air have been largely lost sight of in our modern flood of marvels. The Westinghouse air-brake, and the compressed air drill that is to be seen almost any day making excavations for buildings and the like, have long ceased to be regarded as novelties. The same force is now used to start cars, and even to run them. The air-drill, working in the mine, has literally added hundreds of millions to the available mineral wealth of the world.

We find this Protean force operating block-signals on our railroads, and steering ships, running clocks, and furnishing cold air for refrigerators, loading guns and handling projectiles on our men-of-war, propelling sewing-machines, doing all sort of hoisting-work, driving lathes and printing-presses, copying letters, and running summer fans. In Australia it is shearing sheep; in Kansas City beeves are slaughtered and the meat dressed mainly with compressed air. It is an excellent pump, especially for deep wells. With the same power you may dump a whole train of coal or dirt cars by the pressure of your thumb. It is carving beautiful statuary and all sorts of stonework. In the coal-mines it is running locomotives, bringing oxygen and life to the exhausted operative, and banishing the fear of deadly explosions. In England a hundred and fifty miles of pneumatic-tubing facilitates the rapid transfer of mails, and the same system is in use in Philadelphia, and just recently between New York and Brooklyn.

When it is generated in large central stations, and distributed over the city in the same way that gas and water and electricity are now distributed, you may expect it to clean house for you—beat your carpet and clean your walls—and take a general hand in your household affairs. It will pick you up and set you down from floor to floor. It will be waiting for you at your door, and whisk you to the shopping districts. It may treadle the sewing-machine, agitate the dish-washer, and smash your costliest china with all the dexterity and *sang-froid* of your most accomplished handmaiden.

There is at least one engineering genius—a man of remarkable achievement at that—who has distinctly in view the compression of air at great water-powers like Niagara, conveyance by pipe-lines, at enormous pressure, so far as New York or Philadelphia, and delivery at prices with which electricity cannot compete.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Penny-in-the-Slot Hot Water Supply.

A decidedly novel idea is developed in the application from the Hot Water Supply Syndicate, of Liverpool, for permission to erect in that city, experimentally, three lamp-posts and fittings for a period of three months for supplying hot water to the public by means of a coin-fed machine. The method proposes the utilization of the heat of gas light, as the gas is consumed for lighting purposes, and the hot water is delivered, a gallon at a time, by dropping one cent in the slot. The syndicate claims that wherever the system has been introduced it has been a boon to the working classes, improving their sanitary condition in a marked degree. The permission was granted, to be under the supervision of the gas inspector and the superintendent of street lighting.

Niagara's Power at Buffalo.

Long-distance electrical transmission is being attempted for the first time in this country. It has been about a year and a half since the giant dynamos at Niagara began to turn the wheels of mills built in their vicinity; but it was not until recently that the transformers were perfected and the connections made whereby power could be sent twenty-seven miles to operate street railway and other systems in the city of Buffalo. The Tesla polyphase alternating current system is the one used, the alternations numbering 5,000 per minute. The currents are first sent to the transformer house, where, for transmission purposes, they are converted into currents of high potential, say 20,000 voltage. At Buffalo the current is reduced in potential and put on the wires for use. The first installment of energy was 1,000 horse-power. The success of similar transmission in France and Germany warrants confidence in the experiments now being tried here.—*Zion's Herald.*

Notes on Ancient Architecture.*

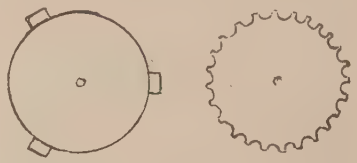
Having heard so much of the splendid masonry of the ancient monuments of Egypt and Greece, I resolved to visit these interesting places, and may say the half has not been told. So much has been written of the wonders of Egypt, I will only refer to the masonry of the Great Pyramid in contrast to that of the Grecian temples. The workmanship of the limestone of the outer courses of the Great Pyramid, and the granite lining of the King's Chamber in the interior, cannot be excelled to-day, with all our enlightenment.

Although the roof of the chamber is quite flat, being some seventeen feet span, constructed of granite blocks, no fracture has taken place; on reference to any section of the pyramid it will be seen that the Egyptians were masters in the art of building. To take the weight off the roof they left small chambers above the main chamber, and constructed the same so as to throw the weight upon the walls. But when you compare this masonry with that of the temples of Greece, it is in no way equal.

Take, for instance, the Parthenon temple, or those of Theseus and Jupiter. On account of a defective foundation, one of the columns of the latter had fallen over, which showed the beds of the stones to be rubbed smoothly in some way. The columns of these temples are simply perfect, showing no joints, and all the flutings are in perfect line. Nearly all travellers think they are in one stone, but after inspection it can be seen that they are constructed of separate stones or courses, but they show no joint—How then were they put together?

I visited the quarries at Pentelicus, but could not gain any information. I spent a couple of days exploring the ruins of the Acropolis, and found a stone which no doubt, was in the same state as when it left the quarry, and had been condemned for some defect. This stone was six feet in diameter, three feet thick, cut roughly round, and had three lugs upon it, about eight inches square, having eight inches projection (shown in cut) and had a hole through the centre.

This gave the key to their construction. The moulded base was cut and set, then the next stone was set upon it, a pin put through both, arms were secured to the lugs, and men turned them round and round until they were ground one into the other. Practically they became one stone. This process was continued the whole length of the column. The lugs were then cut off, the column made the proper size, and fluted thus—



which accounts for all lines being so perfect.

Seeing a lot of nice ashlar lying about I wondered now they were hoisted into position. I found one piece about four feet six inches long, one foot six inches high, and three inches thick, with a lug left upon the face, three inches long, one and a half by one and a half inches, which showed that some sort of an iron claw came over this and was secured at the back. Then, when set, the same would be cut off, and the face rubbed.

Another matter that may be of interest is, Where did the stone come from to build the Temple at Jerusalem? which I think can be partly explained in this way. Standing upon the site of the Temple, facing Mount Zion, the city rises abruptly to the right. I took an aneroid reading, then went outside the city. Entering into a large cave under this high part through an iron door in the city wall I found some partially dressed stones and others ready for dressing. The aneroid showed the same level as the court-yard of the temple. No doubt a great deal of the stone was quarried and worked here. Quarry marks and smoke of the rush-lights can easily be seen. Trollies or waggons would be used to convey the stones to the site. This agrees with 1 Kings vii. 7. B.

* The gentleman who contributes the above interesting items is a practical architect and contractor. We are not aware that the details he mentions have been previously noted.

"The worst is not
So long as we can say, 'This is the worst.'"
—*Shakespeare.*

"BEYOND THE HORIZON."*

BY THE REV. W. I. SHAW, LL.D.

Principal of Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

The Rev. Dr. Kimball, under this title, has pierced the future with the eye of a seer, and given us visions of immortality most inspiring. Within the vail he traverses the eternities, thoughtfully and devoutly seeking to follow the guidance of revelation, of human instincts and of reason. In interpreting these he advances views which will not pass everywhere unchallenged. At the same time every reader will be constrained gratefully to recognize his indebtedness to the author for these glimpses of immortality which are given with such beauty and clearness of style, as well as with the devout and triumphant spirit begotten of Christian hope. The work must be accepted as a most valuable contribution to eschatology. A few points may be mentioned on which, however, there may be some dissent.

Does Sheol or Hades indicate a place? The great majority of theologians who reject the doctrine of Purgatory answer, No. It is simply an incorporeal state. Prof. James Strong, S.T.D., says, "The disembodied spirit cannot be aware of any sensible occurrences, for all the senses are absent." "Existence is pivoted on self." The author, although citing the exegetical authority for the doctrine of Hades, as held by all Methodist theologians, presses the plausible claim that the spirit of the departed must be somewhere.

The contention next follows for some kind of enswathement of the departed spirit after death and before the resurrection. This is a point to which the author devotes his greatest energy. He protests against the idea of the spirit "remaining unhoused during the long repose of the body in the grave," resisting the view that it is "neither somewhere, nor nowhere, nor yet everywhere." Second Corinthians v. 1–4, as to being "clothed upon" or "unclothed," is made to do much service here. However, very few are the names of those who thus use this passage, and overwhelming is the number of those authorities who are compelled by the context to apply it to the resurrection body. Dr. Kimball holds that the departed spirit is "invested with a spiritual organism" having, possibly, a sixth sense of which now we have no conception. "The spiritual, like the natural, body will consist of members and organs which must have their uses and offices, then as now." Is there not under this demand for sense perceptions in Hades an unwarranted surrender to Locke's philosophy that all knowledge comes through the senses and reflection, and so an incorporeal spirit must be shut up in the vacancy of an intellectual blank. Surely even better than this is the error of psychopannychy, or sleep of the soul, as taught by Rothe and Archbishop Whately. Bickersteth is appropriately quoted in favour of the author's view:

> "They err who tell us that the spirit unclothed,
> And from its mortal tabernacle loosed,
> Has neither lineament of countenance,
> Nor limit of ethereal mould, nor form
> Of spiritual substance."

It has been said that "painters are poor commentators." It may be equally true that poets are unreliable theologians.

The object of the resurrection with its spiritual body, as described in 1 Cor. xv., is not very apparent, if we accept this idea of a "spiritual organism" in Hades. The effort is not very successful to answer the question, *Cui bono?* Why the resurrection at all if, as the author says, "These celestial bodies, the vehicle of the spirit after death, are not temporary lodgments to be laid aside on the morning of the resurrection," but are permanent and eternal?

On the whole, we prefer this doctrine of a "spiritual organism after death, especially as freed from the gross materialism of the Roman Catholic doctrine of purgatory, or the more refined doctrine of purgatory held by the Greek Church and countenanced by Pusey,—we prefer this to Archbishop Whately's doctrine of the sleep of the soul in the grave. But why not in faith accept the condition of the disembodied believer as being like that of the great Creator in whose image we are made, incorporeal, "without body or parts," still not infinite, but as Dr.

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* "Beyond the Horizon." By Henry D. Kimball, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs.

Strong says, "pivoted on self," or, so far as we know them, like the angels. We certainly have no scriptural authority for anything else, seeing that the picture of Lazarus and Dives in Hades must, even in the opinion of the author, be interpreted figuratively.

Aside from the questionable teachings referred to, this work is marked by most sublime and inspiring conceptions of God, the universe, immortality and man. We know that at the resurrection in our flesh with a spiritual body, whatever that is, we shall see God. Now we rejoice in the opening vista so beautifully described in those marvellous lines of Dr. E. H. Stafford, of Toronto.

"The bolted doors that lock the corridors of time
And bar the awful avenues of space,
My soul at last shall pass, and then, oh dream sublime!
Shall gaze upon Thy face."

So St. Paul longed to depart and be with Christ. What is implied in the ecstatic bliss of such fellowship, who can tell? But surely it needs not, in the intermediate state, a corporeal condition of which Scripture gives no hint whatever.

Book Notices.

The Apostle Paul. A Sketch of the Development of His Doctrine. By AUGUSTE SABATIER, Professor in the Faculty of Protestant Theology at Paris. Translated by A. M. HELLIER. Edited, with an Additional Essay on the Pastoral Epistles, by GEORGE G. FINDLAY, B.A. Third Edition. New York: James Pott & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.00.

The French have a very lucid and luminous way of writing on almost any subject. Especially in historic and philosophical subjects, their vivid and epigrammatic style makes very attractive reading. One of the most distinguished masters of this style is M. Sabatier, whose recent "Life of St. Francis of Assisi" was the literary sensation of the year. These brilliant features conspicuously characterize the book before us. The translation is exceedingly well done, and most of the grace of the French tongue is transmitted to the English version.

The book is carefully edited by a distinguished Methodist scholar, George G. Findlay, B.A., of Headingly Wesleyan College, England, who presents a series of judicious notes, and contributes sixty pages of additional essays on the Epistles of Timothy and Titus.

M. Sabatier's book is a masterly study of the Christian community in Jerusalem, the conflicts with the Judaizing Christians and with the world of paganism, and the development of Paul's theological system. That this book has already reached the third edition is a striking proof of its merit. It throws a flood of light on the Pauline theology, and will be found of much service to our ministers and thoughtful Sunday-school teachers.

The Apostles, Their Lives and Letters. By DR. CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE. A.D. 55 to A.D. 64. With the Epistles to the Galatians, first and second Corinthians, Romans, Colossians, Philemon, Ephesians, Philippians, First and Second Timothy, and Titus. New York: James Pott & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

This is another book which covers very fully the life and labours of St. Paul. It traces the development of early Christianity at Antioch, Ephesus, Corinth, and especially the closing scenes in the life of that great Apostle of the Gentiles at Rome. Dr. Cunningham Geikie's lucid and luminous style, as exhibited in his "Life and Words of Christ," and "Hours with the Bible," is too well known to need comment from us. The book is handsomely printed, clear open page, and with its 628 pages is exceedingly cheap at $1.50. Among the cuts of special interest is a most ancient representation of St. Peter and St. Paul, and one of Nero, the "lion" out of whose mouth God for a time delivered His servant.

With Open Face; or, Jesus Mirrored in Matthew, Mark and Luke. By ALEXANDER BALMAIN BRUCE, D.D. Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the Free Church College, Glasgow. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

Dr. Bruce's "The Training of the

Twelve," "The Kingdom of God," and "Paul's Conception of Christianity," have won him an ever-widening circle of appreciative readers. The present volume, we think, will greatly enlarge that circle. It is still more popular in style and mode of treatment than his previous books, and is designed to exhibit the spirit and teaching of our Lord in selected scenes from the evangelistic records. Dr. Bruce finely discriminates the distinctive features of the three synoptic Gospels: the setting forth of our Lord by Matthew in his Messianic dignity; by Mark as "The *Man* Jesus"; and in Luke as "The Lord, the exalted Head of the Church." Under these aspects he develops the teaching of these Gospels in a way which throws new light upon the sacred story. The chapter on "The Escapes of Jesus" is an excellent illustration of his lucid and luminous manner of treatment.

Critical and Exegetical Handbook to the Acts of the Apostles. By HEINRICH AUGUST WILHELM MEYER, PH.D., Oberconsistorialrath, Hanover. Translated from the Fourth German Edition, by REV. PATON J. GLOAG, D.D. Second American Edition, edited by REV. WILLIAM ORMISTON, D.D., LL.D. New York and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls. Price, $3.00.

The position of Professor Meyer as a commentator is one of unchallenged supremacy. Dr. T. W. Chambers has justly called him the Prince of Exegetes, being at once acute and learned. Dr. Gloag records him as "the greatest modern Exegete," and speaks of his commentaries as "unrivalled."

Professor Meyer had the thorough German combination of erudition and accuracy, combined with "keen penetration, analytical power, and clear, terse, vigorous expression." Among his many writings his "Commentary on the Book of Acts" is one of the chief. In it he employs the principle of "Grammatico-Historical Interpretation," which is the key that unlocks the mysteries of ancient literature.

His was a singularly interesting personality. He spent forty years of his life in most assiduous study of the Scriptures. His devotion to work greatly taxed his physical health, but he adopted strict rules of abstinence and exercise. He used to call water and walking his great physicians. By rising at four in the morning he was able to crowd an enormous quantity of work in his busy life.

The American edition has special interest as being edited by a distinguished Canadian, Dr. William Ormiston, one of the first two graduates of our own Victoria University. As a help to the study of the book, upon which is focused, as never before in the history of the world, the attention of many millions of Sunday-school teachers and scholars, this commentary possesses great value.

The Life and Work of St. Paul. By F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 801, with coloured maps. Price, $2.00.

All Christendom is this year studying the life and character of St. Paul as never before. This fact will give special interest to Dean Farrar's great work named above. We wish that every Sunday-school teacher could study this book in connection with the lessons on the life and labours of St. Paul. It has all the literary charm of Dean Farrar's "Life of our Lord," and other biblical studies. The beauty of language and simile, the literary grace and elegance of the book, are no less remarkable than its intense narrative interest. The study of the tremendous conflict between Christianity and paganism for the possession of the world, will enable the teacher better to comprehend the magnitude of the task and greatness of the triumph. "The Life and Work of St. Paul" makes a very admirable supplement to Dean Farrar's "Life of Our Lord." This reprint of the two-volume ($6) edition is a wonderfully cheap book.

A Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles. By HORATIO B. HACKETT, D.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in Newton Theological Institution. A new edition. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. Price, $3.25.

The first edition of this book is one of the earliest and ablest commentaries issued of the Acts of the Apostles. The new edition, revised and greatly enlarged by those judicious editors, Dr. Alvah Hovey and Dr. Ezra Abbot, greatly enhances its value. It has received very high commendation from biblical scholars for thoroughness of investigation, critical acumen, and spiritual insight. No one can be prepared to study the epistles of the New Testament with the greatest advantage till he is familiar with the external history of the Apostle Paul, and of his character and spirit as portrayed by

Luke in this narrative. While Pedobaptists will not be prepared to accept the conclusions of this commentary as to the subjects or mode of baptism, yet it will be found to throw very important light on the studies of the current year in all our Sunday-schools.

The Cure of Souls. Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching at Yale University, 1896. By JOHN WATSON, M.A., D.D. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, $1.25.

Dr. Watson has won his way to all hearts by his recent visit to Canada and the United States. Such international reciprocity will do much to knit together the mother and daughter lands. It is somewhat significant that this prince of preachers should cross the ocean to give the Lyman Beecher lectures at Yale University. He discusses in his luminous way, the Genesis and Technique of a Sermon, Problems of Preaching, the New Dogma, the Machinery of a Congregation, the Work of a Pastor, the Public Worship of God, and the Minister's Care of Himself. The same breadth of view and brilliance of thought and diction characterize this that mark his other matchless books.

The City of Refuge. By WALTER BESANT. London: Chatto & Windus; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

Mr. Besant's latest story is an international episode. It describes a brilliant young statesman who seemed destined to become prime minister of the Empire. A subtle passion for gambling mars his character, and, after wasting his own and his wife's fortune, he commits forgery and has to fly from justice. He takes refuge in a community of cranks in New York State, whose eccentricities and absurdities afford fine scope for humorous treatment. But they are not one whit more eccentric and absurd than those of the Harris community, near Chautauqua, New York, of which Laurence Oliphant, his wife and mother became dupes and victims. The psychological study of this strange community and the social complications involved, furnish Mr. Besant an opportunity for very clever treatment. An illustration of the advantage afforded Canada by the colonial edition of this book is seen in the fact that the price of the English edition is fifteen shillings net—nearly $4.00—while the Copp, Clark Company's Canadian edition is only $1.25; in paper, 75 cents.

Modern French Literature. By BENJAMIN W. WELLS, PH.D. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

Few of even those familiar with the French language can hope to become acquainted with a very wide range of its literature. Hence, the value of Dr. Wells' admirable book of wise and thoughtful criticism and discrimination. It is written in a lucid style, akin to that of the French classics themselves. It takes first, a review of the Middle Age and Renaissance and seventeenth century literature, but devotes itself specially to the great writers of the eighteenth and present centuries, as Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand, the romantic school, Victor Hugo, the French poets and dramatists, and, finally, the evolution and waning of the naturalistic school. Dr. Wells knows his texts at first hand. Like his similar book on German literature, it is, we judge, simply indispensable for one who would form an adequate conception of the subject.

Elizabethan Songs. Collected and Illustrated by EDMUND D. GARRETT. With an Introduction by ANDREW LANG. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Mr. Andrew Lang asks, in his interesting introduction to this volume, why the Elizabethan age is so rich in song while later ages have been so poor. It is not for lack of great poets, as Tennyson, Shelley, and Swinburne give evidence. He attributes it to the growing pessimism of the times. Whether this be true or not, we have in this dainty volume a fine anthology of early English song. The choicest specimens are culled from Beaumont and Fletcher, Browne, Carew, Cowley, Herrick, Lovelace, Lyly, Suckling, Waller, and Wither. Certainly they were a light-hearted set of singers, under often adverse conditions. There was an exuberant life in Merry England in those days which our more introspective age fails to express. They made the best even of adversity, as in Lovelace's fine quatrain:

> "Stone walls do not a prison make
> Nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent and quiet take
> That for an hermitage!"

The etchings, printing, and binding of this book make it a veritable *edition de luxe*.

The Acts of the Apostles Explained. By JOSEPH ADDISON ALEXANDER. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Vol. I., pp. 485. Vol. II., pp. 498. Price, $3.00.

From every source light is being focused upon the Book of Acts for the study of the International Lessons for the current year. One of the fullest and most thorough of English commentaries on this book is that by Dr. Alexander, of Princeton, covering nearly a thousand closely-printed pages. The most conspicuous figure in this book is the great Apostle of the Gentiles, whom we first meet as a persecutor, holding the robes of those who killed Stephen, and whom we follow through his glorious missionary career of unparalleled tribulations and heroism to his cruel martyrdom under the monster, Nero. With competent scholarship and admirable exegetical skill Professor Alexander expounds this first and greatest of all Church histories.

A specialty of this book is its comparison of the earlier English versions which, by their direct and simple force and quaint old English, strikingly set forth the mind and the spirit. This is a valuable addition to the apparatus for the study of the life of St. Paul. Though written before the issue of the Revised Version, it anticipates more than half its changes.

The Book of the Native. By CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Company. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.

Professor Roberts is one of our sweetest and tenderest singers. There is a delicacy and refinement about his poems akin to that of Keats. He possesses a keen sympathy with nature and rare facility of expression. His ballads add the human interest which one misses from some of his poems on nature. The story of the humane sea captain, who rescued a drifting boat to save a kitten and found that he had saved his child, is very touching. So also is that of "The Forest Fire," in which a father lost his life to save his son's. A stirring ballad is that of "Laughing Sally," a pirate craft that bore down to help the king's ship against the ships of France, and

> Then muttered the mate, "I'm a man of Devon;"
> And the captain thundered then—
> "There's English rope that bides for our necks,
> But we all be English men!"

The Great Meaning of "Metanoia." An Undeveloped Chapter in the Life and Teaching of Christ. A New Edition, with a supplementary Essay. By TREADWELL WALDEN. New York: Thos. Whittaker. Pp. 166. Price, $1.

When Phillips Brooks testifies of a book that he has read it "from beginning to end," that he has found it "full of inspiration," making "the work of Christ seem worthy of Christ," we turn to its pages with justifiable expectation. Nor, in this instance, are we disappointed, for Mr. Walden's book is one of the most suggestive that we have met for months. We would advise all earnest New Testament students to study the pages of this volume with great care. No Christian teacher can afford to neglect the theme which the author brings before our notice. "Metanoia," as our readers know, is the Greek word which our translators have rendered Repentance. To this rendering our author takes strong exception, and shows that "Metanoia" stands for a broader, richer truth than that which is generally associated in our minds with any form of penitence.

S. P. R.

"*Martin Luther.*" By GUSTAV FREYTAG. Translated by HENRY E. O. HEINEMANN. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. Pp. 127. Illustrated. Price, $1.00.

This is not so much a biography of Luther, as a vindication of his conduct in departing from the original faith into which he was born. Our author sympathetically traces the course of Luther's moral and spiritual development, and shows clearly how a divine hand was guiding the great reformer in a way which he had not chosen. The book is copiously illustrated, and may be recommended as a good introduction to a more elaborate study of the life and times of Martin Luther. S. P. R.

"*The Prophets of Israel.*" By PROF. C. H. CORNILL. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Pp. 194. Price, 25 cents.

This book is an attempt to afford those "who are deprived of access to the latest works of Old Testament science, some insight into its results and into the spirit and purpose of its inquiries." The writer follows Wellhausen, Kuenen, Duhm, Stade, and critics of their class. It is an interesting work and gives the conclusions of advanced Old Testament criticism in an attractive manner. S. P. R.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

Rev. John Bond, secretary of the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund, received $100,000 of the late Sir Francis Lycett's legacy, making a total of $400,000 thus received for the benefit of the said fund. New sites for churches have been secured and preparations made for the erection of several large and small places of worship.

The Mission at Oxford Place, Leeds, has been so successful that new schools are being built at a cost of $20,000. The people have provided $15,000; the church has to be rebuilt. The whole scheme will require $100,000.

Dublin (Ireland) has appointed a committee "to welcome all Methodists coming to reside in Dublin." This is a good move—a City Look-Out Committee.

Cheering intelligence comes from Fiji. One missionary reports a walk of one hundred miles which he had made to the mountains in Central Fiji, where he had preached to thousands and had been most cordially received. In one of the towns, a day's march from where Thomas Baker and his brave companions fell under the clubs of the savages, he saw 2,000 mountaineers stand up and take off their turbans when the Methodist school-children sang "God save the Queen."

A request has been made from Rewa circuit for another edition of John Hunt's sermons to be printed in the Fijian language. It has also been resolved to print an edition of 3,000 of Dr. Fison's "Life of Christ" in Fijian.

The Australian Methodists in their minor courts carried union by something like three to one on an average. The Victorian Synods have also voted, with the result of about 124 for and 90 against.

The lepers in the Asylum at Asansol, India, took great interest in mission debt-paying day, and brought in corn, vegetables and rice, which they bought back and put the money into the collection. The school-girls worked to earn a few pice to give, and the village women who had no money planted a little debt-paying rice to bring as their offering. One poor woman brought four annas and said, "Sahib, God will count what I give, won't he?"

Travellers in Ceylon every now and then see a cocoanut tree marked with a large X, which means that they are the Lord's trees. All the fruit of these trees is given to His cause. A woman preparing dinner for the family, threw a handful of rice in the pot for each member of the household, and threw two handfuls into another pot in the corner of the room. She explained that that was the Lord's rice pot. Thus they gave "as the Lord prospered them."

Methodist Episcopal Church.

During the last four years the membership increased 474,042. There was a total income from all sources of $24,000,000. The Church maintains fifty-one deaconesses' homes, hospitals and orphanages, of which fifteen are in foreign lands.

Plans for organizing a Publishing House at Shanghai, China, are being perfected. Both sections of the Methodist Episcopal Church will be united in its management.

"You belong to the conquering faith. I belong to the dying faith," said a Brahmin to Bishop Hurst. "How do you know, comrade?" "I see it everywhere," was the answer. "The missionaries of the Cross are aggressive. They have faith in their faith, while we cultivate only an inward hope, and that hope means very little."

In 1846, the Rev. W. Nast, the founder of German Methodism in America, preached in a small room in Cincinnati. A young man was in the congregation who earnestly took notes. This young man was secretary to an infidel club who intended to take down the whole sermon for the purpose of turning it into ridicule in the club. But he was converted to the faith which he hoped to destroy. This was L. S. Jacoby, who became the founder of Methodism on the continent of Europe, and the first person to establish Sunday-schools of any kind in Germany. Now in Germany and Switzerland alone are three Annual Conferences.

The Martin Institute—a Methodist Theological School in Germany—is a monument of God's marvellous goodness. Mr. J. F. Martin, Brooklyn, furnished

clothing for the soldiers during the war. At one time the government owed him eight millions of dollars, which he was desirous to obtain. Two gentlemen agreed to accompany him to Washington and to aid him in pressing his claim. On the day appointed his friends failed to meet him, and he went to Washington alone and obtained a cheque for the amount. As he was leaving the city he met his belated friends and returned home. He remembered that the Methodists wanted $25,000 to erect the Institute already named, and as he had saved this amount, which he was to give his friends if he succeeded, which happily he did without their aid, he gave the money to the Church, and the institute stands a memorial to his liberality.

Mr. Samuel Scott, of White Plains, New York, has bequeathed $1,000 to the Superannuation Fund of the Methodist Conference, Ireland, and a similar amount to a similar fund of the M. E. Church, New York Conference.

The Poles are increasing in Buffalo at the rate of 10,000 a year, and until recently there was no Methodist mission among them.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

This Church has four great mission stations, China, Japan, Mexico and Brazil. About a half a century ago, in 1848, it sent for the first time heralds of the cross to China. The Board has there now twenty-eight missionaries, and the Woman's Missionary Society has eighteen, besides the native helpers.

The Japan mission has been opened only ten years and has there thirty-five missionaries.

Brazil was opened as a mission-field in 1874, and now has twenty-two missionaries, and the Woman's Missionary Society eleven.

The total is in those mission-fields: men, 105; women, 40.

The Church gained nearly 50,000 members in 1896.

When Bishop Early asked Henry Clay how the Churches were prospering in Kentucky, he replied, "They were all, whip and spur, trying to keep up with the Methodists."

The Methodist Church.

During the month of January a series of missionary services were held in Toronto, which were of a most unusual character. On Sabbath, 17th, seventy-six preparatory sermons were preached. Most of the churches were crowded to their utmost capacity. In addition to the pastors of the churches, the missionary secretaries, the Book-Steward, and the Editor of the *Christian Guardian*, a number of distinguished laymen, and the following returned missionaries, Revs. G. Young, D.D., E. R. Young and W. W. Colpitts, Rev. Dr. Hart and Mrs. Wellington White, from China, together with the following distinguished strangers: Rev. A. B. Leonard, Senior Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church; J. E. Williams, D.D., from Buffalo, and Bishop Galloway, from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, occupied the pulpits.

On Monday two public meetings were held in the Metropolitan church, one in connection with the Woman's Missionary Society, at which Mrs. Willmott presided; the other was under the auspices of the Epworth Leagues, when the Hon. Senator Cox occupied the chair. Mrs. White and Mrs. Bishop were the speakers at the first meeting, and Rev. A. C. Crews, Dr. Carman, Dr. Henderson and Dr. Williams addressed the evening meeting.

On Tuesday morning a Missionary Breakfast was held in the Metropolitan church, at which Hon. J. C. Aikins presided. After the repast numerous impromptu speeches were delivered. In the evening there was a grand missionary rally in Massey Hall, when not less than 5,000 persons were present. J. J. Maclaren, Q.C., presided, and Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Dr. Leonard and Bishop Galloway addressed the meeting. It is doubtful whether any who were present ever attended such an enthusiastic missionary meeting in their lives. To see 5,000 persons present at a missionary meeting might be regarded as something new under the sun.

The Rev. Dr. Hart, superintendent of the mission in China, who has been twelve months on furlough, took leave of Canada at the missionary meeting, and said he would convey the greetings of 5,000 Methodists to the missionaries in China, whom he would expect to see in about three months hence.

This series of meetings, it is hoped, will give a great impetus to the cause, and will cause the friends generally to thank God and take courage. It will be the month of May before the financial returns can be completed. It may be of interest to our readers to know that the income of the Missionary Society in Toronto Conference is $34,475.41, and about

one-half of this amount is raised in the city of Toronto. A large increase is anticipated this year.

Since our last issue tidings have been received from every Conference respecting the progress of the good work. Evangelistic services have been numerously held; we do not remember that they were ever more so. In some instances conversions are reported by the score, in others by the hundred. At Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, where Rev. Messrs. Crossley and Hunter have been labouring for some time, more than 700 conversions are reported.

The New Year's mass meetings, at Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, were seasons of hallowed enjoyment, and each of them would be an epoch in the history of the thousands who took part. St. James' church, Massey Hall and Grace church were all crowded to their utmost capacity. The collection at Massey Hall exceeded $100, which was given to the Sick Children's Hospital, and was a noble New Year's gift to a worthy object.

Churches have been dedicated, and others re-dedicated, at Greenbank, Gananoque, Minesing, St. Catharines, Niagara-on-the-Lake and Flesherton. The edifices are highly commended and some of them are pronounced to be fine specimens of architecture. What is especially gratifying is that they are mostly reported free from debt.

Primitive Methodist Church.

There are 4,725 churches which contain accommodation for nearly a million people. They cost $15,680,330, and are valued at $18,104,910. The debt remaining on them is a little over $5,000,000. Forty-eight churches were built last year at a cost of $311,860.

The Connexional Insurance Company is in a prosperous condition. It has issued in all 7,031 policies. The claims were heavier last year than usual and amounted to $2,757. The directors allocated $5,326 to aid trustees in reducing their debts, and added $4,964 to capital account, which now amounts to $126,725. The income last year was $15,305.

The feeling in favour of Methodist Union in the Australian colonies is very strong. Some of the ministers who are antis wish to be taken into the home Church when the union is consummated.

The feeling is growing very strong in the North of England that attendance at the sacrament of the Lord's supper should be the only test of membership.

Mr. W. P. Hartley has presented to each minister connected with the Liverpool Ministerial Association, a copy of Professor Salmond's work on the "Christian Doctrine of Immortality."

Methodist New Connexion.

The debt on the Missionary Society has been the cause of much anxiety. One gentleman has agreed to give $2,500 towards its extinction, providing others will raise the balance. The net increase of converts in China last year was 136.

In several circuits steps are being taken to erect ministers' houses, or parsonages, as memorials for the centenary year.

A bazaar at Dudley produced $1,153; another, at Halifax, realized $5,007.

Items.

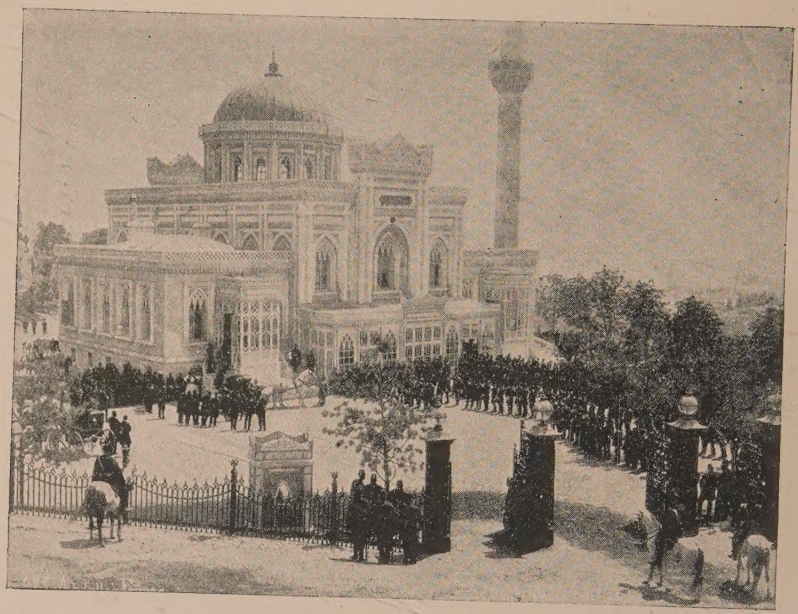
Why do people say so much about what churches cost and so little about what sin costs? Sin is the most expensive thing in the land.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

The story comes from Java of a man, son of a Russian and a Japanese woman, who many years ago was converted by a dream and called to give the Gospel to the nations. He is working, and has worked for years in the midst of bitter persecution, and now at last he has a Christian settlement around him, with three or four thousand native adherents, and schools and other accessories of a great missionary work.

Recent Deaths.

The parent Methodist body has been bereaved by the death of the Rev. Theophilus Woolmer. Though he had been retired for some years from the active work his death is regarded as a great loss. He was the son of a minister, and had served the Church with great faithfulness. He was for some years governor and chaplain of Kingswood School, where in his youthful days he was a pupil. He was also secretary for the Extension of Methodism, and for ten years he was Book Steward. He had attained the age of eighty-two and was fifty-five years in the ministry.

Rev. H. C. Benson, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has been called to his reward. He was editor of two *Christian Advocates* for eight years, and laboured in the Indiana, Arkansas, Oregon and California Conferences. He was a member of four General Conferences.



CEREMONY OF "SALAMLIC."—THE SULTAN GOING TO THE MOSQUE.

BRIDGE ACROSS THE GOLDEN HORN CONNECTING STAMBOUL WITH GALATA.